

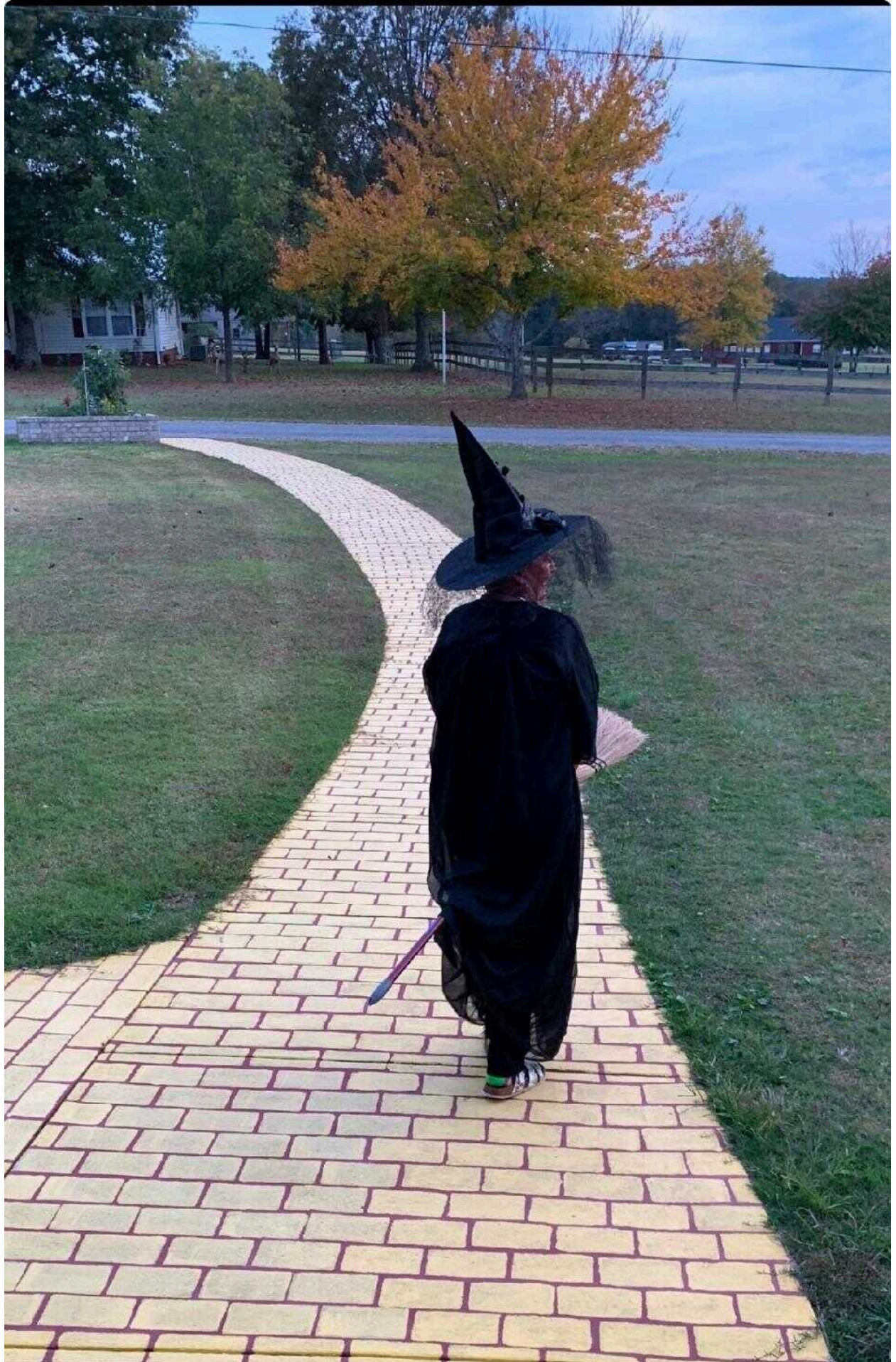


A Redneck Witch's Tales From the Crypt

by

Christianna Morticia





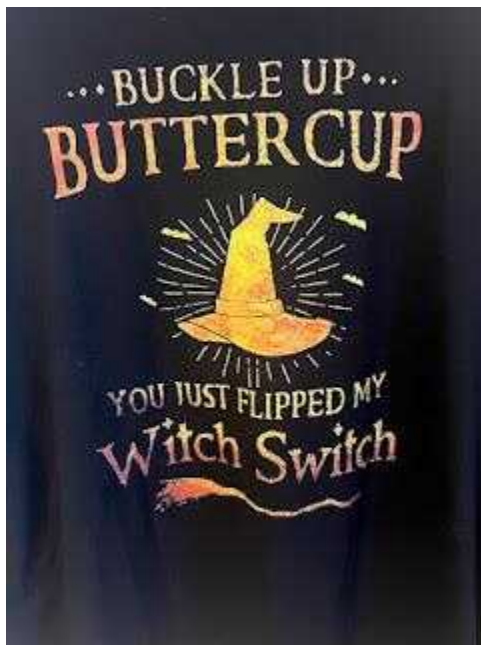
A Redneck Witch's Tales From the Crypt Husbands, Family and Friends

Preface

I'm the redneck mystic lawyer writer guy who came into this amazing Quilter's life, about which she tells deeply personal stories in this book, as they came to her. Sometimes she repeats herself in patchwork quilt ways that bring in more details, some of which she might wish she did not remember :-). A New York publishing house editor, I once had one, might take out some material, but here's the deal. The heart, or if you wish, the Muse has her own reasons that reason does not know.

-The Redneck Mystic Lawyer, Sloan Bashinsky

In The Beginning





A Salem witch trial fugitive, I was born again, Christianna, on December 25, 1953, a preemie at Ft. McClellan near Anniston, Alabama, and then I was sent to Gadsden Baptist Hospital, because I was allergic to milk. I was actually allergic to my mother's milk and to her.

I strongly remember the two rows of baby beds on opposite sides of a hallway, babies crying, nurses with white dresses and hose and white pointed caps. I was there for two months.

Guess with these big eyes I have never missed anything from birth and even to this day!

At school with my two dresses and no hose and fake leather sandals all year long, I hid from the other kids. The funny thing is, I have far exceeded in my life more than they have.

Now they want me around them, they enjoy me. I guess they forgot the hell they dished out, I don't hold grudges.

Let me backup and start over.

I came into this world fucked up before I even left the womb.

One example, my beloved paranoid schizophrenic schizoaffective type Mother's silly idea of sex and the way we should care how others perceive us. I would never live my life the way I wanted to because her words, "someone will be talking about you," so I lived a secret life at home and never hardly asked anyone but two people to come to my home, because it is me and not up to others' standards of how a woman my age (71) needs to be. I really don't even dress the way I want to, "What will others think of you? You will embarrass the person you are with." Oh I forgot this, sex is something you HAVE TO DO IF you are married to survive. Not to be enjoyed, just for survival. Mrs. Monster was fucked up. My sister and I used to laugh and say, "Well, we know she did it 4 times, because she has 4 children." I think she was like me in a sense. Did not like her husband and did it to survive because it was expected of her!

I am so tired of being in prison.

The man I am getting to know has some idea of my life, but I never have shown the real me. It's not bad, but I hold back. I want to be free!

It reminds me of my favorite movie, "Harold and Maude." I am Maude!

(Cat Stevens)

Well, if you want to sing out, sing out
And if you want to be free, be free
"Cause there's a million things to be
You know that there are
You know that there are
And if you want to be high, be high
And if you want to be low, be low
"Cause there's a million ways to go
You know that there are
You know it's up to you
Anything you can do
And if you find a new way
Well, you can do it today
Well, you can make it all true

And you can make it all undo, I am determined for the rest of my life until when I fly away on my broom for good, and not to be fucked up.

Janis Joplin was my other heroine.

To Kill a Mockingbird in Mayberry



The town I grew up in was a mixture between Mayberry on TV and Monroeville, Alabama, which the “To Kill a Mockingbird” movie was based on, and everyone on this planet knows Mayberry's Aunt Bea, Floyd the barber, Barney Fife, Andy and Opie. We had these types of people that lived in our town. It was peaceful and quiet. We did not even lock our doors. Everyone knew everybody. When I hear Louis Armstrong sing one of my favorite songs, "What a Wonderful World", I think about where I grew up. “Friends passing by saying how do you do?”

When I came home from the hospital after two months, my father and mother were living with her mother and father, Pop and Granny F. Then, my parents bought a home a few miles away and they left me with Pop and Granny.

My daddy was stationed at Fort McClellan and was to go to Germany. My mother was not going because my grandmother said, “You cannot take my baby away, she will die.” Plus not to mention she had to stay in town with her nose up everyone's ass to keep the mess going! I was a preemie, and when I was given breast milk or regular milk, I turned black and almost

passed out. I was allergic to my mother's milk, regular milk, even goat's milk. In reality I was allergic to "her." Carnation milk with Karo syrup saved my life. Not to mention the real reason was because my mother was afraid to get on a plane! Afraid if she left she'd miss something! Afraid she would not be the center of attention. Narcissist bitch!

My father was a MP at the fort and he decided to leave the service. He was pussy whipped. He should have said, "You are my wife, you are going with me." You see, he lied about his age, and when people were signing up at the First Baptist Church, he went to sign up and he was 14 and the preacher's wife lied about his age and signed him up, and off he went to Ft McClellan. He later ended up in Korea along with other countries.

My father's mother, Big Mama E, found out about it and she went to the base and told him she was going to go tell the head of the fort, and he told her if she did, she would never see or hear from her son again. She let him go.

My father was 26 when I was born and had been in the service since he was 14. When it was time for him to get out or reenlist, he chose to get out when I was born, because his beloved wife would not go to Germany, nor would my Granny let me go to Germany. My parents did not love me, and I did not understand why they did not go to Germany and leave me with Granny and Pop, because my parents gave me to Granny and Pop until I was 14. I have come to realize in my life that if a person or persons do not love me, I can get over it and deal with it, but it is the hardest thing ever to get over. It still hurts to the core of my being. I will never get over my parents not loving me. To this day I am insecure when it comes to love. It was the monsters' fault.

Granny and Pop were a gift from God. They worshiped me. I always knew I was where I was meant to be and to be with whom I belonged for life. I was Pop's little "boy" and Granny's baby.

As I got older, I started worrying that someday I would either have to live with the monsters, or Granny would die. Granny woke up many nights with me on the floor asleep with my arm across her stomach or my finger under her nose seeing if she was breathing. She would say, "Get up here child," and she'd move over in the middle with Pop and I would be wrapped in her arms in the safety of love. I am insecure today. I keep asking a friend if she

thinks I will ever be secure? It all stems from my childhood of never feeling secure. Always wondering what if's. I hate those fucking what if's. I what if every day.

One day when I was 7, Pop was working at Goodyear and Granny was cooking and crying. I hardly ever saw my Granny cry, unless she'd go to her son's home and he would be drunk! She'd start praying, being the Pentecostal woman she was, praying out loud with her arms in the air, and my Pop trying to calm her down, and she would end up in the extra room at her son's house with a wet washcloth on her head, calling out to Jesus to put a conviction on him to stop drinking and smoking. God did in later years in my uncle's life. I just wish my Granny had lived to see it.

A big white hearse(station wagon) pulled up outside and my monster of a father, my second worst nightmare, came in and said, "Let's go." Aunt J,, Aunt M and Granny F, who also were there, were crying their eyes out, begging him not to take me. I was sitting on the floor with my jacks, and he jerked me up and walked out of their home and put me in the hearse. I was terrified. He was nothing more than a bully. He did not want me, he just wanted to show his power in taking me.

We reached the red light by the funeral home I have always wanted and it's vacant now, but I will not buy it because I have so many bad memories of the town. My father raised his hand across his face, like he was going to backhand me, then told me, "You will do what I tell you when I tell you, or I'll beat you." Here I was a little child, my heart was shattered, and I was so afraid. I was sitting next to this monster that was 100 feet tall in his hearse, crying my heart out. I was broken in a million pieces with pain I never have experienced in my little lifetime, I had been kidnapped from the only love I ever had known.

We got to my father and mother's house, and I sat at their kitchen table and sobbed until I got the dry heaves, even during supper as we call it in the South. After supper, we had to go to bed. I had to sleep in the room with a boy and girl. They were younger than me, but I somehow knew they were my brother and sister, but they did not know much of me. I barely knew them.

I sobbed and sobbed and wailed. Finally my sister got up and went to the Monster's lair and told them, "This girl will not quit crying, will you stop

her?" I remember "her". Mrs. Monster came into the room and told me to shut up. I sat up against the wall, we did not have a headboard, and cried all night. The next morning when we had to get up, I was still crying. I was convulsing, dry-heaving. I never slept.

I remember my father saying, if I did not shut up he would give me something to cry about. Just kill me, just kill me, get me out of my heartbreak and misery. Give me a knife, give me a gun, give me rat poison, choke me, I'll do it. I wanted to die, I begged to die, If I could not go back to the only Mother and Father, Granny and Pop, that ever loved me, I wanted to die. I did not have a reason to live.

I sat up all night long Saturday and balled my eyes out. My heart was shattered. How was I ever going to live again? I was where I was not really wanted. There was no love in that house. It was not even a home, just a house full of beatings and verbal abuse. I needed to be where I was loved.

My father's mother, Big Mama E, started this entire thing. She had told my father, "Go get your child, the Fs are ruining her. She's your child, she needs to be with you." Big Mama was jealous, because I lived with Pop and Granny and I seldom saw Big Mama. Granny would go visit one of her daughters that lived next to the Monsters, and when we'd come back down the hill we had to pass Big Mama and Big Daddy's home and Granny would tell me we were playing a game for me to lay down in the back seat. I did, but then I'd peek and see Big Mama and Big Daddy sitting on the front porch. Well, my parents barely had enough for themselves and my brother and sister to eat, much left to take on me. I was not planning on eating, I was planning on crying myself to death to escape.

I had been crying non-stop since Friday afternoon. No sleep. This time, both my brother and sister got up and went to the monsters' lair and said, "Shut this girl up, we can't sleep". By now, I was having almost a seizure. The next morning, Sunday, the sun came up and my bag was packed and I heard my sperm donor say, "Come on, I am taking you back home."

It was about 3 miles to Granny and Pop's, but it seemed like millions of years to eternity till I got there to both of them hugging me and both were crying, I was crying. My Pop walked my father back out to the car and what was said I never knew. The monster was gone. But not for good.

I think this is why I rarely cry today. I cried so much as a child. I know I am a strong woman, I have been in hell and back in my life and I know I am here for a reason. Back in the 50's a preemie was not expected to live. There were no modern medical interventions as today. I lived. I am here for a reason. Writing this book is bringing me so much hell. I will survive, I somehow always do.

If writing this book does not kill me, nothing will. When I am writing, it feels like I got the worst case of flu that God could put on me. My eyes do not focus and then my heart aches, I actually feel like it is going to stop beating.

Please God, or whomever, hear my plea!

I want to be let out of prison. I want to be free.



This painting is titled "Facing Demons." I sure have faced many in my life. To date I still face many at times. I even faced some today.

The Monsters Return

After I survived my kidnapping and almost demise, my life returned somewhat back to normal, well as much as it could. If my eyes were open, I worried. Funny thing, today I still worry. ALL THE TIME, even when I really do not have a problem. I then look for one. I have been known to call up someone to talk to take on their problem. It is a serious "disease" I wish I could rid myself of.

My Granny F took a job with a jewelry store in our small town. She got tired of her daughters, Aunt J and Aunt M, and my mother bringing their children DAILY to the home and staying all day long, so she decided to go to work. She never had peace with the daily all day long visiting. I did not either. I wanted it to just be us, in a quiet home, no kids bothering us. I have never been kid friendly. I never played with them growing up, and I never had any of my own. I just dealt with kids. I do not like the noise.

Aunt J had left her husband in New Hampshire to come back to Alabama to divorce him, and we picked her up at one of our two train stations to move in with us. She had a small son and one on the way. Aunt J and I were very close to the very end when she died in my home, March 2021.

I was in kindergarten when Aunt J came. When the bell rang to end the classes for the day, I went outside for my ride home. We only lived two blocks from our school but I was too little to walk home. There my birth mother sat in her pink and black car with the hole in the right back floorboard, where there was a flower that grew. We kids got a big kick out of that. My heart sank when the bell rang, I walked out to see me being motioned to the car.

Oh God the monster's back. "Get in." We were taught not to sass back to elders, so I did what I was told. We pulled up in front of this house across the street from my home with Granny and Pop, and I thought, "Why is she pulling up? Does she know those people? Why did we walk up on the porch?" What was the reason, were we just going to visit?

She walked to the front door and put a key in the lock and opened the door and there was her and my father's furniture in the house. As little as they had it probably took 30 minutes to move and set up the entire tiny house. The monsters had purchased the house across the street from Pop and Granny. If I had known about cursing back then, I'd have said "Holy shit." My kidnappers were back and not only were they back, they were living across the street. I had to face them daily now. "GOD CAN I NOT GET A BREAK?"

My birth mother announced, "We live here now across from Mama and Daddy, and IF YOU EVER have to come over here to spend the night you will sleep in this room with your sister."

I nearly flatlined. Not only were they so close I could have thrown a rock and hit their house, I might have to spend the night with them. Mother of God, save me.

Kill me. Get me out of hell. Just kill me.

Time went by, and I'd sit on Granny's front porch watching my one sister and two brothers playing across the street. There were five living in a house that was so tiny not even room for a mouse.

I kept staying where I was living with Pop and Granny, hiding from the kidnappers.

When I started this writing journey yesterday, I thought I was dying and I am not joking. My hands were shaking, my heart was beating so fast I could see it in my clothes and my stomach was ripped to shreds including diarrhea, with a terrible headache. I do not have headaches. I told the man I am getting to know about that, and he said the writing is angel medicine to get the poison out of me, and as we talked the headache went away.

I am not as sick today as I was yesterday, which was like some huge toxic waste dump leaving me in more ways than one.



How the Monsters Kidnapped Me Again

I would not start elementary school until I was 8. Granny taught me to read, by us reading the funny papers (comics) in the Sunday newspaper. Granny taught me the ABCs and words and how to write. The first word I wrote was "all". I will never forget that. I must have written it a million times. I was so proud. I loved the way the pencil glided across the paper. ALL. I was the only child in kindergarten who could read, and they let me bring books home to read to Granny and Pop.

Then on to the other grades and High School, sock hops. I had a clarinet and never played a note after I got accepted into the band, I just wanted to go to the games. I faked it as well as I faked my marriage later on in life. I even fooled myself!. The other day, I threw out some birthday and holiday cards I had written, which I didn't mean, and I nearly threw up.

When I had just turned 14, December 25th, I was so happy. I was growing up and one more year to get a driver's permit and Pop was going to teach me how to drive.

January 7 was a Sunday night, and I was with some friends and their father who had an apartment in the back of his jewelry store. This family invited me to go to their Baptist Church. I normally went to the Congregational Holiness Church with Granny and Pop F.

Granny and Pop lived in our town and they had a farm about 10 miles away. They had put a house trailer on the farm next to the barn Pop had built. They spent all day there, and I did not see her all day.

That evening when I was on the curb waiting to step down from the jewelry store to get into the backseat of the car to head to the Baptist church, Pop and Granny's car stopped right in front of me, so close I could have touched her if I wanted to. I could not speak and she was staring straight ahead. I thought that was strange, because she worked at the jewelry store and she did not even turn to look over at the store or me inches away, and I could not speak, "Granny" would not come out of my mouth. It was like some sort of paralysis came over me and over her.

All young people mostly in the South sit in groups in the back of the church. While singing, I noticed my mother's sisters and their husbands and their children got up and left after the Deacon had whispered something to them. They did not know I was there.

The minister got up, and I still hate him to this day, he probably is dead anyway, and I am not sorry to say I hope so, RIH (rest in hell), well he got up and said, "If any friends of Mrs. Sadie F is here and would like to leave, Mrs. Sadie F just went home to be with Jesus."

Holy Mother of God. That was my granny who was with me since birth and now I just found out from a Baptist Preacher she was dead! My biggest fear and nightmare had come to pass. I screamed like a crazy young woman, I was 14, a blood curdling scream. I ran out of the church down about 13 steps, I ran onto the by-pass in oncoming traffic. I did not care if I got hit that night. I was running as hard as I could and the strange thing is, I don't know how to run. My brain never taught me, but for a split second I was running to Granny. I knew Reverend Jack Cole was lying. However, it was true!

Granny and Pop were on their way to church when Pop crossed over a railroad track and she gasped and moaned and he took her straight to our one-floor country hospital and the nurses had her in a room and said when she died they heard angels singing, like in a beautiful choir.

Everyone in this town knew everyone, and Granny was so loved. She worked at the jewelry store and had lots of friends that came in to shop. She shopped herself in the local stores, everyone knew Miss Sadie, as they called her. She was so popular with the town folk that for several years Pop had credit with the floral shop. She was given so many floral arrangements when she passed away that the florist was not able to fulfill the orders. So Pop got credit and when he needed flowers for her grave, he just went and got what he wanted. It was maybe at least 2 years of credit.

Two weeks after Granny's death, my mother marched across the street to Pop's and took me to her and my daddy's home. I was 14. I was in worse than hell, getting hit with a belt and the buckle for no reason. The really stupid thing was the reason I had to go live with them is "Pop may do something to me." Never mind Aunt J and her two sons lived there and Pop was not that kind of person at all. Here we go again. Mrs. Monster and her fucked up life about sex.

My whole life was a wreck from before birth and now my worst nightmare has come to pass. The many nights I went into her room and sat on the

floor with my hand on her stomach and then under her nose to make sure she was breathing had finally come to pass. She was 59 years old when she got taken from me. I am still mad at God to this day, but He and I have an understanding. I never understood why he did not take a mean person, criminal, child molester, one or BOTH OF THE MONSTERS, or whatever. He knows best. He could have even taken me. I'd rather that than live with the Monsters.



How the Spirit Lady Saved Me

Two years after the second kidnapping, my Pop remarried. I really liked my new grandmother Miss Addie, and she was good to my Pop, but his 3 daughters were so silly, "That's not my mother" bullshit, that they refused to let us grandchildren have anything to do with Miss Addie. If we had anything to do with Pop, he had to come visit us. I would ride my bike in the back alley and cut a corner and go in their backdoor to sneak a visit. A lot of times Miss Addie was there by herself. I loved her. I liked to spend time with her. Pop and Miss Addie's house was within reach of the Monsters house.

I truly loved Miss Addie. She was a good woman and she loved Pop. She worked in our lunchroom line as a server, and when it came to me, I got a little something extra and a wink! I winked back and even gave her a smile. It was our secret. Even though Granny was gone, I had room in my

heart to allow another grandmother to live. After all, Pop deserved to be happy. He could not bring Granny back, so be happy, Pop!

I got very sick with hepatitis and mononucleosis. I could not go to school. We were so poor that we did not have health insurance. 6 of us not covered under any plan. That is one reason you never got too sick. You'd have to die to get better. The dad monster was not working. We thought it was because he was lazy, but it was not. He had heart trouble from rheumatic fever as a boy. My mother worked at the jewelry store and did not have any health insurance, and Pop's work insurance at Goodyear did not cover me, and I could not go to the hospital.

Dr. K made house calls, and he came by the house to see me and told the Monsters that if I was not better in the morning, I HAD to go to the hospital, insurance or no insurance. I can just see them sitting around the table in the small kitchen, holding hands, praying for me to die because they could not afford a hospital bill.

Well obviously that did not happen.

My sister's and my bedroom was just big enough to put two twin beds in and we pretty much were almost feet to head in the room. This was the tiniest room you can imagine. My two brothers' room was right next to ours, and then you walked in the kitchen. I was out of my head in bed, with fever and everything else going on.

My dad was at the kitchen table reading his Bible, drinking coffee and smoking, when he heard my sister scream, and he heard her feet hit the floor twice. My sister had woken up and saw this lady bent over me whispering something in my ear, and my sister asked was I ok? She thought it was our mother, and it was not. The lady did not have a face, it was Mother of Pearl. She turned and looked at my sister, who had come a part, that is what my sister did. The experience terrified her.

The man monster looked up and the spirit lady was at the end of the kitchen table, staring at him. He jumped up from the kitchen table and she walked into the living room and vanished into the air, Poof!

By now the whole house, except me, was awake! I finally woke up and felt good enough to get out of bed. I walked into the kitchen and there my

sister and the monsters were sitting all shook up, and I asked what was wrong? I was told. I could not believe it.

Mr. Monster refused to ever speak about it again. Mrs. Monster said don't be afraid. My sister and I would not sleep alone in the room. Mrs. Monster slept on my twin bed with me for several months. I figured I was safer with the meaner monster than the lady that appeared and whispered in my ear. I did not realize I would learn to love the spirit lady and always want her with me.

After all the fear left and I could sleep alone, my sister and I would talk about it for hours. She could not believe it. I could not believe it. I was made whole that day by the spirit lady's visit, and I went to school on Monday. I did not realize that one night of visit from the spirit lady and a whisper in my ear would last a lifetime.

As the years went by, I had a lot of coincidences. I never thought the things that came to my mind not to do or do was anything but just that, a coincidence. I have gotten over that.

I left home the night I graduated high school and moved to Birmingham, Alabama, where I had gotten a job at a radio station waiting for me. WVOK, The Mighty 690. I lived with my mother and Pop's sister, Aunt J. I was the receptionist, handled telephone calls, voiced in commercials, spun the wheel for the lottery contest for people who called in.

About a year later, I got a job at the Federal Reserve Bank, the first computer operator that was a woman. I moved all over the bank doing all kinds of jobs, so I decided it was time for me to have my own place.

I was taking a friend's daughter to school in my friends' late 60's VW, because my friend had something else to do. I was first to go at the redlight, and a woman's voice said, "When the red light turns green, do not go." I did not pay it any attention. I had my foot on the gas and the clutch was out, so I would not roll backwards. They called that, "riding the clutch."

The light changed to green, but I could not move my legs. Horns blowing behind me. I could not move my legs. I tried, but my legs were paralyzed. This big car pulled around me, and just as he entered the intersection, another car went through the red-light and t-boned the big car on the driver's

side. Back in the 70's, the cars were metal and heavy. The big car was totally destroyed. I drove away, to get the little girl to school, then I drove to work. If I had not been kept by something holding down my legs, I might have been killed that day and my friend's little girl, too.

This is one reason today when someone is in the car with me and says, "Go, the light is green," I have to hesitate because, since that day the spirit woman saved me and my friend's little girl, even I myself have gone through a red-light without meaning to and a few times meaning to.

Oh, the Angel that spoke to me that day, my spirit lady, I have even named her, God's wife's name, Asherah, who along with Yahweh, were indeed a consort pair among the ancient Israelites.

You can believe what you want to and I will believe what I want to and know what I know.

The true name of the lady is Athirat, but in Hebrew it is Asherah. I like that translation much better.

She and I are still together today. Sometimes I get mad and tell her to leave me alone. Then, we make up and are back together. I finally got to where when she tells me to do something, I do it, and when she tells me not to do something, I don't do it.



True Witch Confessions

Now the thing about witches is they don't like nobody telling them what to do! So, I have a confession to make before we go any farther.

It was not my idea to write this book. But when the notion came to me, I kinda liked it. I could use words like my wand and sling them around as I pleased. I could say how I really feel, since nobody knows who I am. Well, almost nobody. Memories of my time at Salem still haunt me. Being burned alive did not cause me to have warm fuzzy feelings toward God. I have a looong memory.

So when I obeyed the nudges and started writing this book, imagine my shock and distress to suddenly feel like I was being burned alive at the stake AGAIN! This time, BY GOD. So WTF? I was asking for help for generational curses and healing. I was not happy. And so, I had myself a little pissyfit.

See below.

Fuck the lady that talks to me, Fuck somebody else higher up in the sky, Fuck the dreams! Leave me alone.

How many times can a heart be shattered before you die?

I've been shattered a million times since many witches moons ago, more than a million and I am so tired of the hurt. This book is ripping my heart and soul to the core! Stop it mother fucker, you are dragging up too much hurt and memories. I got to vomit this out so I can be free. Fuck Fuck Fuck.

I can't stand that woman anymore talking to me advising me. Mind your own damn business.(Asherah, please do not leave me.)

I can't stand dreams anymore. I am buying hundreds of dream catchers so I never will dream again, so I can be free...

Free Bird

What it means to be free, in that a bird can fly wherever he wants to go.

(Lynyrd Skynyrd)

If I leave here tomorrow
Would you still remember me?
For I must be traveling on, now
'Cause there's too many places I've got to see.

"Cause I'm as free as a bird now
And this bird you cannot change
Bye -bye, baby, it's been a sweet time
Though this feeling I can't change
But please don't take it so badly
"Cause lord knows I'm to blame.

I just want to be free!

I want to be pain free, I want to be free!

After that spewed out of me, imagine my surprise to start feeling better, sleeping better, not having to take so many pills to go to sleep, not having to reach for antacids.

Not wanting to vaporize DJT, because he is destined to be turned into a toad- yeah, I cast a spell!

If you don't think I can cast a spell, let me tell you about a peacock.

My mother's sister Aunt J and I used to go treasure hunting all over the state. We met a witch that was not in our coven. She had a peacock named Jake that she worshiped. She pissed us two witches off about something that was a total lie of the devil, and so Aunt J said she wished a snake would get Jake. Out of my mouth, I recited, "Jake, Jake, get bit by a snake, So mote it be."

Next day, I received a phone call from Aunt J. Her words were, "Well Morticia, you killed another one, Jake got bit by a snake last night and is dead. I am skeered of you."

I did not ask for DJT to get bit by a snake, I want that turd turned into a fat orange toad that smells like the feces he is.

The Kidnapper Monsters is Dead



Fabric art by Kate Logan Newbill

The Kidnapper Monsters is Dead

November 23, 1976, a fear of mine ended. The Kidnapper Monster is dead. I am 22 years old, just a month away from being 23.

I thought this would not bother me, but I cried my heart out when it happened. I do not know if I finally am free, or if I have in my mind that we are supposed to cry at family funerals. Maybe it is because we never had a relationship. He hated me. Beat me with a belt and buckle for no reason except he and fifteen of Mrs. Monster's sixteen personalities did not jive. I have spent my life trying to get validated or someone's approval. I never got it from Mr. and Mrs. Monster.

We were instructed by Mrs. Monster that we were not to shed a tear at the service that was held at the funeral home, that people would be watching us.

I never cried at the funeral home during the service, I cried at Taps at the graveside.

Something about Taps always burst my heart to pieces. It could even be someone I do not know and I cry.

I am making this short and sweet.

Two years after Mr. Monster died, Mrs. Monster met this man and they got married. She called all of us and told us that she was getting married and it was none of our business. We were not to show up at the courthouse for the ceremony, mind our own business. Nothing to us! I had my own young life, by then I was 24, I couldn't care less who she married. Dracula would have been fine with me.

My sister and two brothers did not like him. I for some reason did. He was kind to me and I treated him like a real child would treat a father. I never missed a Birthday, Christmas and even Father's Day. I always made sure he got something from me. The times I would go home for the weekend, I'd take him two dozen Krispy Kreme donuts, his favorite. His name was Troy, but my mother and sister and two brothers called him "Curly" behind his back, because he was bald.

I guess it was because I never had a real father after my grandfather Pop died, and I wanted a father. During the time with Mr. Curly, my brother died in the Coast Guard. Mother told us she wished it had been my baby brother, not the brother that died. This bitch was cruel and evil. I later told her that she had three other children. She said, "Not the same, I only loved him."

To make a long story short, Mrs. Curly loved Mr. Curly with one of her multiple personalities and then she hated him with her other fifteen personalities.

Mrs. Curly had come down with breast cancer 1984, and then 10 years later it came back in her breasts and lungs, and she would not stop smoking, and she lived from October to Mother's Day. Always trying to fuck up something, here we go fucking up Mother's day. She already buried our father on Thanksgiving. He died the Monday before Thanksgiving and she waited until Thanksgiving Day to bury him, taking the soldiers away from the nearby Fort for the 21 gun salute service. If something had happened and we couldn't bury him that day, she would have waited until Christmas Day to bury him, and he'd have been rotten.

She loved to fuck up things. That was one of her personalities' jobs. FUCK UP lives, make people unhappy. You'd think she'd tried to make amends with the three of us left. When the last week of her life was near, my baby brother asked me if I thought she would make it? I said she would die Mother's day, and he told me how horrible I was for saying that. I then told him, "Hell, she can't last till the 4th of July." to fuck that up."

At 5 am on Mother's Day, she took her last breath, me and Daddy's sister had sat up all night with her and it was a relief for me and my surviving sister and our surviving brother. I was 40 years old. It took me until I was 60 to rid my body and mind of her evil. Actually, I'm still working on it.

My sister lived in another state and when I'd go visit with her she was bedridden with MS, and then she had sepsis in 2015 which took her life with a bad decubitus, When she was alive, she would make her husband go check all through the house to make sure I had left NOTHING of Mrs. Curly's there. None of us wanted anything but to be free of her.

I was there right by Mrs. Curly when she died. Mr. Curly was probably in the bedroom on the phone talking to his girlfriend we found out about later. Well actually he was in bed watching TV when I went in there and told him it was over. He was seen by one of Mrs. Curly's best friend's husband with this new chick in another town. She was fat, looked like a dog in the face and had a mustache! When I saw her in court after he sued us siblings to get our mother's home. He got one half. I could not believe he had stooped that low. I am sorry to all dogs for saying that. I love dogs!

I was married when all this was going on. I was treated very well, I just was not happy but the marriage lasted 35 years. I was like WTH, deal with it.

I never had children, because I only had 4 periods, each time on Labor Day, the first period when I was 25. When I was 29, I had gangrene in my female parts, which were all tangled and backed up, and two doctors on the operating table at the same time saved my life in 8 hours of surgery.

One nurse I had gone to school with told me that one time for over an hour one doctor was on the actual table with me trying to pry loose my mess. They were going to take my appendix out but all the mess I was in pushed the appendix in my back and they left it alone. My sister never had any children, either, and she never used birth control. We figured it was because we didn't want to be a mother like our mother.

I really do not want to talk more about my marriage ,because the last 11 years I was in hell. It could not be helped. So no hard feelings, no anger. I got millions of other pages to write, but I will save that for my family history book, with the genealogy information. The title of the book has always been in my mind. "Poor White Trash."Some things are better left alone for right now.

I had two people dying at the house at the same time. My favorite Aunt, who was my best friend, and my husband. They went within 3 months of each other.

I said I was through. I was going to stay home, watch tv, sew, love on my toy poodle, Elizabeth Taylor, fish in my pond, garden and can summer veggies for winter.

Well things did not work out the way I planned..

Stay tuned for the next episode minus the commercials.

Let Me Back Up and Start Over!



Art by Jennifer Jordan, aka Gabby Gumbo

Well what a ride my life has been. When I set out to write this book, I thought about creating an outline, but the man I am getting to know, who has been a writer for decades, told me to just write when it comes to me, because that is what my muse wants me to write, so that is what I did.

All sorts of crap came out of me figuratively and literally. I stopped having to use antacids, and I started sleeping a lot better. I quit taking Celexa to keep me from killing people who pissed me off. I hope soon I am not on any sleepy meds. That is my goal. I have started dreaming again and this time the dreams are much easier. I had asked God, or whomever heard me, to stop me from dreaming because my dreams were horrible. Now, I am asking for them to come back.

Well the plot thickens. The man I am getting to know tried to kill my Elizabeth Taylor, my poodle. Well not literally, but through me and my bullshit crap, I almost did. Let me explain something. I think you are going

to hear this story several times. I think each time I add something new to it and I really believe it is important to repeat so do not think your mind is playing tricks.

I had several of this man's books, and I was cleaning out the house of things I no longer needed or wanted, and I ran across his books. I texted him. We had met online 10 years ago when something tragic happened in his family. My husband, when he was alive, used to ask, "What is our Key West friend up to?" I would reply, "His normal shit." If you read his blog posts, you would know what I mean. He liked to disturb things. Nothing's changed. Still likes to disturb.

I can't remember if we had emailed or texted or what in a long time, because I was in a terrible time. My husband and my mother's younger sister were dying, and I was taking care of them and watching them decay and die in front of me. I had hired a full time assistant to help me with them, and they died within 3 months of each other. I also died during this time. Well not literally as it is obvious I stuck around for several reasons. One is this cleansing book and another and I did not know at the time was the man I am with. I am glad I stuck around. I am glad I have the man with me in our home.

I was so tired and worn to a frazzle that I sat in the recliner on the sun porch and watched TV for a month. Not even taking a bath. Oh what I had been through with those two deaths, I was going to live my life in hiding. Go nowhere, have the groceries delivered from Kroger, speak to no one but my two dear friends, Linda(no longer a friend) and Michelle. Sew, work in the flowers, garden, fish in the pond. Well that did not work out. I was so tired I didn't even know my name. I had practically lived in a hospital for weeks and months at a time. I was in a fog from the devil. When we are headed South to the bridge club where he plays, I can see the hospital from the top of the hill when we get on the interstate and I even can see the room I lived in several times. I hate that place. To this day, I do not realize how I am still alive. Sloan, it has to be for you. Without a doubt it is for you.

I asked Sloan if it would be possible for me to mail him my books that he wrote, and he would then autograph them, and I would put the postage in the box so he could mail them back to me at my expense. Nope, he wanted to meet me. He called me by my moniker, which I am not revealing here. Well I will later on. You'll have to speculate. Just call me Gabby.

We agreed to meet on January 21, 2023 at a restaurant in Birmingham. Ok, no big deal. I go eat, get my books autographed, say, "Thank you for the meal." Oh, but wait, I paid for the meal against his wishes, nice to meet you, great getting autographs, yada yada yada! He reached over and took some fruit off my plate to see how it tasted, and I nearly flatlined. Right then I was hooked!! Hook line and sinker! After that day he never left my mind.

My first impression was that he was so smart and very handsome. But I had been married for 35 years, and I just did not see me even thinking about going out. I was going to sit home, watch TV, hold my Elizabeth Taylor, my toy poodle, work in the garden, flowers, fish in the pond, and order my groceries from Kroger. Never leave the house.

I had a friend from 1986 that would call me from time to time, that I had been involved with back then. He lived in another state and I live in the south and I had no intentions of getting involved again, so we were just telephone friends, because we knew the same people, we had conversations. Mostly about him and the love of himself that he had. He never once asked me if I was ok. He talked all about himself and he played his guitar and sang songs. So at least I did get free concerts! I don't regret that year of phone calls, my uncle had moved in with me and it gave me some time away from caregiving again.

The man I would not let buy our lunch and I left the restaurant and walked to my car, where he would autograph my books, see ya later kind of thing. I stepped off the curb and he put his hand on my back and I felt electrical currents run up and down my body from head to toe. I liked that. I took that as a sign.

I called Michelle and said, "He ate off my plate!" She asked, "But what did he look like?" and I said, "Handsome, but he ate off my plate!" Michelle started laughing, asked, "Was he hungry?", and I said, "I don't know." I called Linda and we had about the same conversation. I had to be more careful talking with her. She had a very large stick stuck up her ass! Permanently.

I left the restaurant sick as a dog, my stomach was all torn up, I was shaking, and I had never been more nervous. I had never felt this way

about eating with anymore before. Grow up crybaby. Shit happens. I was so messed up, I can't think of the word.

When I got home, my sun porch and all over the house was full of poop, bloody poop and bloody vomit. I got Elizabeth Taylor, took her to the Emergency Animal Clinic to be treated. The vet tech made me wait in the car. I finally got called into the clinic, and if they had said Elizabeth Taylor had to be put down, I would grab the needle stick myself and put myself down first.

The vet said Elizabeth Taylor was fine, she had gastroenteritis, and what in the world had shook me up so much to make her so sick? I could not even tell the vet. The vet gave Elizabeth Taylor meds and told me to get a hold of myself and stop making my dog sick.

I drove home, shaking, praying a million prayers to please let me get home alive. I don't even remember the route I took home and went to bed for three days!. I could not move, think or function. Elizabeth Talor was fine. I promised her and myself that I would never allow myself to get in that shape again.

NEVER SAY NEVER

I learned in the past that when you say, " I will NEVER do this or that," well it's going to happen.

A year went by and I did not hear from Sloan, so I guess no more lunches, no more sickness and no more almost dead dog! Evidently I was not his type. Damn!

One day, I can't remember if I texted him or he texted me, we agreed to meet up back at the same restaurant. I changed clothes twelve times before I went and was snapping photos of what I had on and texting Michelle and asking what she thought?

He showed up wearing an Alabama ball cap and an Alabama sweatshirt and some worn out jeans. I thought, *Damn, I could have worn my jeans and a t-shirt.*

They didn't have collard greens and he asked the girl behind the counter if he could taste the broccoli salad, and she said yes, and he tasted it and said it would do. He also ordered a turkey and avocado wrap. He did not eat off my plate and he did not let me pay, and I did not make Elizabeth Taylor sick. He said, "Let's go out to eat some more, just friends." Ok, that was just fine with me. We will be just friends. Yea right. No way today I want to be just friends with him! I can't imagine my life without him.

Well, today is September 26, 2024. My life has been turned upside down, in a good way.

I am with the most sexiest man on the planet, as I say, and he laughs. He does not yet know that I say what I mean, and mean what I say, even if he says "Goddammit woman!", it does not bother me one bit. I think he is the sexiest man. He is to me.

It did not take long for my clothes to come off, and I hope they stay off. I love him very much. Elizabeth Taylor has divorced me and now belongs to him. Or so she thinks.

My friend says, back when God first was fixing his brain so that it worked differently than it had ever worked, he learned there are no fig leaves in paradise, nor any secrets, and that when he ruined his reputation, he could be free.

He had prostate cancer and during the Covid shut down he had radiation therapy, and some things do not work as well as we wish, but the intimacy that we share is better than pure sex. It's total peace and a closeness I never knew was possible. We know God has a sense of humor, and with God, all things are possible.

I am so very happy, and this is not the end. There are more adventures to tell, but for now I am taking a break. I am marching forward enjoying every second living in the moment, even if I get a "Goddammit woman" along the way! I stay in trouble, ALOT!



Dorothy of the Wizard of Oz, one of a kind, by Jane Aller, Australia

OH SHIT!

After dinner last night, Sloan and I were watching Hurricane Helen on the weather channel, and he said, "I have had enough," so I went to see what I had taped. ALL MURDERS from the ID channel.

We watched part of a series I have been watching, and this lunatic that had murdered hundreds, chopped them up and did all kinds of heinous things to them.

After a few minutes, he said, "I have had enough. No wonder your dreams were nightmares"

During the night, I woke him up crying, tears running down my face like water. That was really strange to me because I never do that. I went back to sleep and later on I woke him up jibbering and talking and almost hyperventilating that my bestie, as we call good friends, had been murdered, chopped up in a million pieces, and I would not let anyone go up to see her because I did not want her children to see the mess her body was in and I was figuring out how the police and coroner was going to get her up. With a shovel? Or what. I was trying to dial one of her good daughters to tell her that her mother had been murdered. You see, I love

this woman like a daughter that I never had. I am 21 years older than she is and it truly is like a mother daughter relationship. I am protective of her.

This morning I am calling and telling her, if things get bad where she is, in her relationship or any other way, she can escape to here where no one can get to her. I have so much security here that sometimes I wonder how I can get in!

All this new life I am experiencing was not planned. Like I said, I was going to order my groceries from Kroger, stay home, watch the murder channel, sew, quilt, garden, plant flowers, love on Elizabeth Taylor and cut grass during the summer.

I had an uncle that lived with me, he was in his 90's and very lonely. I took very good care of him the 2 years and 2 months he lived with me, but I felt a "storm was coming," my stomach either had ballet dancers in there or butterflies. I did not want him to get hurt, but I wanted him to move in with his daughter so she could be with him. She loves him more than anything in the world as he loves her.

Last Thursday, my uncle was out of town and my friend came to visit. We had a nice day sitting on the back deck, talking about things and just enjoying the country. Yep, I am a country woman. You can't make me be a city woman. "Oh Goddamnit, shut up stupid woman," the things you said you never were going to do, you are doing it. Like get butt ass naked on my friend's bed in his apartment in broad daylight! I guess I could live in the city, but I love it here, it is so peaceful and quiet. He loves it here also. I asked him to treat this home just like it was his and I meant it. He does.

Well, Friday morning at 2am, my uncle got up to go to the bathroom and coming back he fell and ripped to shreds his right arm on a cedar chest, I mean it was horrible. The elbow up to the upper arm open. His daughter came and got him to the ER and they could only sew up half and the other, the top part was ripped open like you peeled an orange. He got stitches and they cut off the loose skin. He had been on the floor since 2 am and was bleeding till I got up at 7am. I knew the sign was for him to go to his daughters instead of waiting till the end of year. And, if he lived with me I wouldn't be hearing, "Godamnit, stupid woman, angels moved your uncle, so I could move in." Thank you angels. Thank you.

I love my uncle, but I cannot live like that, not sleeping, always listening for him to fall. He had this door bell ringer in his room that he could have pressed and the musical part is in my room. I would have been right there. No, he did not want to disturb me. That disturbed me. He's very happy with his daughter and her family.

I have never ridden anything at a carnival. I would go for a candied apple, the Italian sausage with the peppers and onions, walk around and win me several bowls of goldfish pitching the ping pong ball. The only place I ride is at Disney World. They will not kill a kid is my saying. Well as I have said previously, I never planned any of this. It was going to be nice to have a friend to go eat with and he went home and I went home.

Well, things happen. A total 360. I feel like my life has been on the highest roller coaster that exists, turned me around, turned me upside down and let me loose. Sloan grabbed a glass off the kitchen counter to pour himself some water to drink, and I asked, "I drank out of that, don't you want me to wash it?" He said, "You're worried about me catching your germs after I ate your pussy?" I flatlined, well almost. Obviously I am still here writing this book, dying inside that this is revealed in my book. I guess no fig leaves in paradise! I did not want that sentence to be in my book. I did not. But as you can see it is. No fig leaves in paradise. Damnit. Not just one?

I had called it (my vagina) The Face of the Devil, and Sloan asked, "Why do you make the face of the Devil what God made??"

My friend Linda I have had for 25 years is hurt and she feels betrayed. She says I lied to her, telling her I only wanted friendship. I only wanted friendship. I want more now. But I did not hide anything from her, I did not lie to her, things just happened so fast that I felt like Dorothy was snatched up in a tornado, but I didn't land in Kansas. Plus as time went on it was none of her business. Mind your bizness. I did not have to lie. I am grown.

When my husband was paralyzed and was barely talking, he told me he was dying. My usual response was, "No you are not, me and Michelle and God will fix this." I do not want anyone dying on my watch. I feel like a failure.

“No, I am dying. I want you to promise me that you will not suffer sadness, loneliness, hurt, get out, do things, live your life and be happy.”

I told him I was just going to order groceries, plant in the garden, love Elizabeth Taylor, watch TV, sew, cut grass, etc.

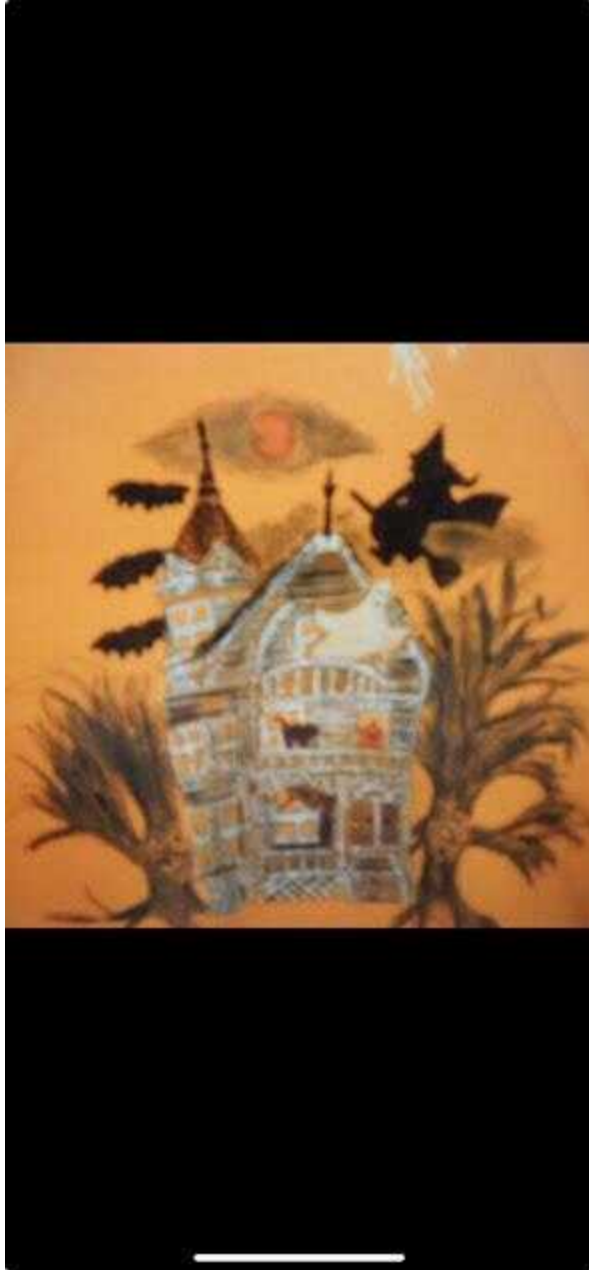
Gary did not want that.

I never expected my life to go in the direction it has, but I think he has something to do with it in the afterlife. I know with all my heart Gary and Asherah pushed me towards Sloan. No doubt at all. Gary is happy with me, and where I am and who I am with. I would not have him back and he would not have me back. He is in a better place and I hope with his soulmate.

A few people in the last 2 years and 2 months tried to come into my life, and I think Gary said NO WAY. But this time, it is like he is encouraging it. For that I am grateful. Thank you, thank you, thank you!

This is all my brain and heart will process today. I'll be back!

Witch Uprising: Let me tell you about the dream I had last night



Art on a sweatshirt by Chris Wheeler

This below was on my Facebook yesterday, reproduced from the Collective Spiritual Consciousness, written by TarotReaderPeter.

“It is so strange to me that people write off dreams as just another normal human experience. We literally go into a lucid coma for 8 hours a night, slip through the veil of reality, and experience inexplicably complex hallucinations, and then suffer amnesia about it in the morning.”

To the contrary, the Bible is full of stories about people having important dreams, which are well known to church people and Bible scholars. But you seldom hear church people talk about their dreams.

My friend I am getting to know views his dreams as messages from God. He had a Jewish lawyer friend who said Jewish people believe dreams come from God.

My friend warned me that I would start dreaming again, and I did.

I had a dream last night that Donald Trump was telling people how to dress me to look like him. Melania Trump showed up briefly and left. I despise Donald Trump. In a way I feel sorry for Melania, but I also think she is wicked and cunning.

So what in the hell was that dream about?

Maybe it is because I am worried about my appearance. I am terrified to be seen in public without makeup. My friend said my makeup makes me look like a fake witch.

I am really too thin. Never in my life have these words come out of my mouth, “I need to gain weight.” I just do not get hungry for food much. I starve for knowledge, love, compassion, you know those things. Food is not very important to me. I eat to live, not live to eat. Now on lamb night I live to eat. I love that lamb we have.

For years, I took Xanax, Celexa, Magnesium, and Melatonin to sleep. After taking off my clothes and spending some nights and days in bed with my friend, I was sleeping better than I ever had. I stopped taking Celexa. I reduced to one half Xanax tablet before bedtime, I quit taking magnesium citrate tablets to make me poop, and went back to putting magnesium cream on my feet to help me sleep.

I can't quit pooping. I think it is because of this book, seriously. I am ridding my life of toxic people and situations. I just had a friend tell me I have changed. Great, mission accomplished.

Today I drove my friend to my hometown, to see the places I have lived and where all the horrible things happened. I did not feel the knot in my stomach, nausea and shaking that happened every other time I went back there. When we visited the home of my brother's wife, they live apart, during the week a lot, I was ok without makeup.

Oh, but I did get briefly sick to my gut driving into town, when we passed a restaurant with Trump 2024 signs on both sides of the front door. That is where my classmates and I eat once a month, I will never eat there again.

I told my friend that I do not like to see any political signs of any party on a business door or window. He said it was the Trump sign that made me sick to my stomach.

OMG!

I just got a text from my classmates to meet at that restaurant next Saturday. My friend just asked me, "Should we dine with them next Saturday and you don't wear makeup?"

WTF?!

Maybe it is time for real witches to hop on their brooms with their black cats and potions and spells and wands and send Donald Trump and Melania trick or treat greetings.

What is happening to me? I am doing things I never in my life thought I would do. Am I growing up? Where did my clothes go?

I hope they stay gone.

WELL I FINALLY DID IT



I told my friend about a dream I had last night about two women my gaydar told me were together as lovers and one wanted to give me directions that I was asking for, to move forward, and the other did not want to let her, it was like she was trying to keep me behind.

They were older women. I laugh, because I will be 71 in 86 days and I do not feel old. I feel young. I look older but my mind is still stuck in its 40's or sometimes 30's. They colored their hair, I left mine gray and white.

In my late 20's, I slept with two women just to see how it was. Separate instances, not at the same time, one was a roommate. I was experimenting. I wonder if all that is reading this book has secrets. I did not want to tell this but I was instructed to do so. No fig leaves in paradise. I then showed up at a male friend's house unannounced, and he set me on the path of righteousness. I might have had a bunch of "Oh Jesus and Hallelujahs". You heard about him earlier in the book calling me talking about himself and giving me the music concerts.

I almost started talking in unknown tongues, as my eyes rolled back in my head and shivers went all up and down my spine! For that I am forever grateful. I always send him a birthday present on his birthday! A kind of "thank you," for saving me.

But why did I dream about those two women last night? I do not have a problem with gay people. I have some really good friends that are married to the same sex and I have a nephew that I love so much that is married to a man. I am very close to one friend. We are like brother and sister and I am so happy for him because he has had a man in his life for maybe 40 years. They are so in love and sometimes it is envious as to what they have together. I love seeing them together.

I asked my gay nephew one time, if he ever thought about a woman. Yes, was his answer. He said he had dated some girls in school and taken a couple to dances and movies and he could even someday get married, BUT it was a very big but. If he married and had children he would destroy their lives because he eventually would leave them for a man and it would break up their homes and he could not disrupt that. I am happy for him. He has a good husband and they seem very much in love with each other and I am just happy!

The first guy I ever kissed later on married a woman, had children and came down with AIDS. He was living two different lives. His wife and children worried for 10 years if they were going to have AIDS.

A Facebook post yesterday said, "At some point you just have to let go of what you thought should happen and live in what is happening." This is so hard to do. I have been beat up and knocked out, letting go of things that were in my way. I can't describe to you the pain in my body of letting go and living in what is happening. Either that or I am going batshit crazy! That is debatable also.

When I started writing this today, I thought I had writer's block. Nothing much would come out . Maybe tomorrow the sun will shine again! But it came out today.

I fucked up. I called my friend, who I'm getting to know, by my deceased husband's name this morning! I went into a knot in my stomach, after wondering all along when I was going to do that. Now I am glad it is out of the way, and my friend said, "No problem," but it did make me feel really bad that I did it. I was married for 35 years, once and only once, and it was bound to happen sooner or later! Blessed be.

Well, maybe there is one more thing. Those two women turned me off from oral sex, and this friend of mine is helping me heal. Blessed Be!

And the knot in my stomach is gone. Well after reading the above two sentences, it is back! No fig leaves in paradise.

I will be glad the day after tomorrow when it is my therapist appointment. He may be on the couch by the time I am through telling him everything.

This Is A Man's World, and look at how it turned out



This Is A Man's World, and look at how it turned out

Singer James Brown sang, "This Is A Man's World." Then he must have felt bad so he went ahead and told the truth, "But it wouldn't be nothing without a woman or girl!"

In Congress, July 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America, When in the Course of human events, it becomes

necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness

I have been doing a lot of thinking lately, why am I third in line of the pecking order of white men, black men, white women, black women?

For 226 years, I believe it is, men have been in presidential office. Today, CEOs in companies are men, even though there are some women more qualified. Gary was Mormon. The Elders of the Mormon Church are all men. Oh, they have some women in positions, like Relief Society, which is basically women's Sunday School. I once was a Young Women's President at a Ward in my town. Glorified Sunday School for a bunch of teenagers.

Women did not get the right to vote until 1920. I remember my Grandfather in the 50's having to sign for my Granny and Aunt to borrow \$100.00 from the local bank to go on vacation. Granny and Aunt Jan both worked. Why could they have not signed their own name? Because they were women.

Sixty-sixth Congress of the United States of America; At the First Session,

19th Amendment

Begun and held at the City of Washington on Monday, the nineteenth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution extending the right of suffrage to women.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), That the following article is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution, which shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of the Constitution when ratified by the legislature of three-fourths of the several States.

"ARTICLE _____.

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

I was office manager for a company in the 70's that is no longer in business. I had everything to do. Invoicing, keeping the computer work caught up, seeing that the invoices were correct. The men took the orders, hand-wrote them and gave them to me. I was responsible for entering it in the computer. Generating the parts that went with the orders to take to the dock, in addition to every office duty you could think of. I was paid a lot less than the men and I did most of the work.

So, I went to work for the Post Office. I worked at the US Post Office for over 20 years. I got equal pay there as the men. No discrimination. If you were the same level you got the same pay. Most women outworked the men but we were paid the same.

I had other jobs before all that, I got paid less than the men.

So on the side, I started hand painting shirts, quilting, sewing , being a cookie jar distributor and light kits for the hand painted shirts distributor. I was a Treasure Craft Dealer, along with Fitz and Floyd, Omnibus, Benjamin & Medwin, Certified International Dealer, Clay Art, and jars I made by myself in my shop at home.

I became an entrepreneur. My sewing art and quilts, pottery and cooking won prizes in shows. I was out of the male chauvinist pig workplace. However there were some wonderful men doing the same thing I was doing.

However, me and a lot of women spent a lot of time and money keeping the cosmetic industry from dying and going to hell.

We were convinced that if we did not make ourselves look different than what we were, we would die and go to hell!

This wonderful turd of a man I am getting to know said this goes back to Adam and God blaming for everything that went wrong, after Eve did exactly what God created her to do, because Adam was so dull and boring that God was bored and wanted some entertainment. Oh turd is an endearing word. A love word. I would not hurt him for anything.

By and by, some men came up with the idea of selling women stuff to put on their faces to make them feel better about what the men and God had done to them. Then, the men liked it and women started wearing it. If you do not believe me, study up on Egypt 6000 BCE.

I SAW THE LIGHT LORD, I SAW THE LIGHT!



Art by Sloan Bashinsky

My precious man friend, or sometimes Turd, has awakened my brain. I can't believe the beauty products I have accumulated since 1972. I washed with him in the shower this morning, and turned to look in the tub area and I was ashamed at all the things there that I had spent my money that I earned working very hard on. There are about 10 bars of soap, handmade, which, no, I am not giving up. All kinds of shampoos, which I am not giving up. But the mountains of makeup, I made it my goal today to

clear that out and to use up the soap and shampoos, before I buy any more.

I used to have this saying, "Use it up or wear it out, if not bless God do without." It's going to be a long time before I have to buy anything but food and some clothes. I hate clothes shopping, but my clothes are two sizes too big. Sooooo, a lot is going to be blessed to someone. I will order online.

I probably bought Estee' Lauder numerous mansions and Rolls Royces. My friend does not like makeup. I lived in makeup. It made me feel great about myself. I loved mixing and matching the colors. I even have a tube of rose lip gloss in the sewing area, so I can put some on when I sew. He does not like perfume, because it makes his lungs close up. I lived in my perfume. Chanel # 5, Parfum, the glass bottle with the glass stick was mine, or Winter Witch. My friend loves the natural scent of me, and I love the natural scent of him. Is this sorta going back to the times of Adam and Eve?

At first I thought my friend was controlling. Hell has no fury like someone trying to control me. Now I realize after I cleaned out one place in my bathroom of a million dollars, no, a trillion dollars of makeup, perfume, body lotions, all the girly things, that he was not controlling, and I see the light, Lord. I hyperventilated, as I threw in the garbage some of the lipsticks that had glazed my lips for years. It was hard to pry them from my hands. I shook when I looked at all the color palates to choose from in eye shadow. It was hard. I'll pack it all away. Sometimes, I may have to go in a closet and fondle it like we were lost lovers! It was like a heroin addict with withdrawals.

Actually, it feels good to be natural. I can be out the door in 5 minutes versus 1.5 hours. I just do not like to scare people with my face. LOL Plus I am not going to lie. I look at myself and think, "WTH does he see in me?" I feel like washed out old. But if he's happy, I am happy.

I know it is going to be strange to some who have NEVER seen me without my warpaint. But get used to it. Yesterday, I went to Costco, and as I was shopping, the spirit lady who protects me said, "Take a look around, see how many women have makeup and how many don't." I was making a mental list. "Yep, she has it on, nope she does not." There were more

natural than painted ladies. Dang sneak way for God to do market research.

My lady friend Linda that is sorta peeved at me thinking I had this secret romance going on for months, said I was changing. No, it has not been going on for months. I wish it had been going on for years, but it had not. Hallelujah, I am changing and for the better. I am forever grateful for my bed bug.

The devil is a liar, trying to make us something that we are not! My friend says the cosmetic industry is making a killing off of women. While I admit I enjoyed the beautiful colors, in a relationship there is compromise, and I am glad this was one. I can be me, instead of compromised by warpaint and perfume.



KIDNAPPED AGAIN

It's happened again. I have been kidnapped.

In a dream last night, I am still in awe about that dream. I was, along with my brother Tommy and his wife Laura kidnapped by this Spanish guy. He was not mean. He was decorating the place we were in, with Christmas decorations.(I was born on Christmas Day). I kept trying to get to my cell phone, which was an old flip phone that no one hardly has anymore. When I finally got to the phone, the jovial Spanish man was in the recliner that I

have here at home, that my man friend sits in. For years the recliner was mine, but I let my man friend have it, because it is more comfortable and I sit in the rocking chair I love so much. I distracted the Spanish man by telling him, "You need more decorations in that corner, the right corner of the room." I snuck out my phone and headed to the bathroom. I tried to call the police to come help me. Laura and Tommy got out of the place, but I never could find the police number, so I did not get to call. I was not afraid, because I never felt in harm's way, I was just not able to escape.

I told my man friend about the dream. Then I got to talking about my mother's wedding ring and the ring she wore on her right ring finger. She got the second ring by starving us while she was paying for the ring. It was big and gaudy. She got it cheap because she worked at the jewelry store. After she died, she left it in her will to my sister Karen, who later sold it to me for \$7000. Today its worth a lot more than \$7000. I gave it to my brother Tommy's wife, Laura, because one day she would get it anyway and I wanted to watch her enjoy it. I had my mother's wedding ring diamond remounted into a new setting with smaller diamonds around the side and lotus flowers. I hated the ring, because it reminded me of my mother. My man friend said this dream was about two wedding rings, and for me to put my mother's on my left ring finger, because it is part of my healing. And he is living with me. I proceeded to perform wifely duties. I love the ring now and I don't even think who the stone once belonged to.

I wasn't kidnapped, I was trapped like a rat and I love it.

Fucking Spaniard was was Santa Claus.

My man friend said maybe the Spaniard is Don Quixote :-), to whom my man friend sometimes is linked.

Or, maybe the Spaniard is San Juan de la Cruz, known in America as St John of the Cross. A living saint the Spanish Inquisition killed because he went straight to God, bypassing the Church. My man friend said, in early 2021, he was told in his sleep by Archangel Michael, "With respect to John of the Cross, you haven't seen anything yet."

Juan de la Cruz was a cloistered monk in the Carmelite Order. He had nothing to do with women. They would drag him into sin and down into hell. Poor man.

When we turned in last night, naked, arms and legs all tangled up, I told my man friend what it was like for me going through menopause at age 29, after a doctor cut all of the female parts out of me to save me from an awful infection, after I'd only had 4 periods in my entire life, each on Labor Day.

I went in and out of hot flashes, in and out of being nice and a werewolf, for several years. I role-played it many times last night, as my friend split his sides laughing. He said it was like machine gun zombie apocalypse ejaculations. He could not stop laughing, I could not stop doing it again and again.

He said, well, I ended up with a perfect pussy, Nothing inside to mess it up, and no babies came through it. I had a hot flash and went for his throat. He nearly died laughing.

This morning, he said he never was with a woman who went through menopause and hot flashes, which I thought was kinda odd, since he's had 8 wives. I told him that he didn't know what fun he had missed. He didn't say he was sorry. He offered to make it up to me, if I had whipped cream and chocolate pudding in the refrigerator. I lost my breath.

When we first got naked, he said, "Wow, a real pussy". Looks just like the way God made it. Bushy. I nearly flatlined. I was not used to being talked to like this.

I Got Called to the Principal's Office

I got called to the principal's office this morning. It was not pretty. It was about me deciding to have it out with the husband of my best girlfriend, who is like a daughter to me. He really talks bad to and mistreats her. He does not abuse her physically, he just runs that mouth to no end that she does not deserve. I rented my other house to them, and the lease ran out and they went month to month. I told Sloan all about the situation and we drew up a lease for my girlfriend to sign, to give her and me some protection if she told hubby she'd had enough and he had to leave. My friend used to practice law.

Anyway, the boyfriend did it again yesterday, and I didn't tell my friend, and I decided I was going to tell the boyfriend he had to get out of my rental house. My guy drove a ways to visit one of his daughters and her husband for his 82nd birthday. I was crazy missing him. I hope no more nights apart. I slept with my poodle, Elizabeth Taylor..

This morning on the telephone I told my friend about all of that. He asked why didn't I tell him about it last night? If I wanted him to go back to his apartment to live, that was a good way to get him to do it. I have to keep him in the loop, or he will get clobbered in the spirit and in his body. He's a shaman and a Melchizedek priest, or so angels have told him, who trained him, and his training was awful to hear him tell it. I don't want him back in his apartment. I have spelled the complex not to have anything to rent for 30 years! If he goes back I am going with him and there is not enough room so I guess he better just plan on staying here!!!

So I called my girlfriend and told her she had to deal with her husband, and my guy had said she needed a lawyer to help her, and my girlfriend said she knew she needed a lawyer and she had had enough, and she was going to deal with it.

My guy is not a bit controlling but from a safety point of view I was a "stupid woman". Usually, "Goddamn stupid woman, what in the world are you thinking?" He meant no harm by it. My girlfriend's husband is huge, and I was going to deal with it by taking one of my pistols locked and loaded in case I needed it.

Short version of much longer conversation.

My life for the last 35 years was like Gladys and Abner Kravitzs "Whatever Gladys". In other words, do whatever, just do not bother me with it.

I got caught up in shit and not of my own doings. I really did not have any problems. I had everyone else dump on me. I once said that when I died I hoped and prayed my job was not to shovel Noah's Ark shit because on earth I have been in bullshit, human shit and dog shit. I am tired of shit. Shit, I am tired of shit.

DEAL WITH YOUR PROBLEM. If you do not like what is going on, get rid of it, or as my Pop would say, "get shed of it." If you do like it, quit bitching. I cannot be drawn into any more drama. I refuse to let anyone kill my happiness. Not today, tomorrow or the next day.

As of today my psychiatric clinic is closed, my bank is closed, my cry on your shoulder is closed, my listen to your problems department has gone bankrupt. I can't deal with other people's shit anymore.

I want to sleep great, like I have been lately, with nothing on, which by the way I enjoy so very much, there is no greater feeling in the world as human touch, naked skin, so they can KMA. I have no drawers on.

I am happiest I have ever been in my soon to be 71 years and no third party is going to mess it up! I am not going back to the principal's office!

Oh, did I forget to tell you about the Principal's office? There's 4 women in it, 4 spirit women. For years when I mess up, they get onto me, slap me around mentally and emotionally, call me out for being stupid, gullible, or whatever. They were all over me this morning. The spirit woman who saved my life many times stands aside when those 4 women take out after me. My guy asked me today why I never had told him about those 4 women, he is glad they are around. It never occurred to me to mention 4 women. I AM LEARNING!

I sure miss my bed bug. He has been gone since yesterday morning and I did not know how big this house was, quiet and lonely. I'll be glad when tomorrow afternoon gets here. I can't sleep in our new 9ft by 8ft bed by myself.

So, I am in the recliner on the sun porch, where I lived for a year with my dog, after my husband died, and I lived there when he was alive in a hospital bed in this home. For over a year I did not know what a bed felt like. I never was in it. I hardly was in the recliner, I was up and running day and night between two rooms caring for two terminal family members.

My guy worries that I might end up having to take care of him.

He told me yesterday that doctors had not helped him with stuff that really made him feel bad and he had just about given up. When we started dating, he said I had found him new doctors that could help him somewhat. I had caused him to start laughing his ass off. I had given him reason to want to keep going. He asked if I was his medicine? Then, he started crying, and I tried to stop him from crying. He said people cry because they need to cry, don't try to stop it because you don't like crying. I am going to be his medicine until either he gets called to his other planet or I get called to the coven. I love taking care of him. He is so appreciative.

The woman who has always looked after and protected me has not told me to back off from this man. Instead, she has told me several times to be with this man, and not worry. He tells me that he trusts my protector to look after me and to tell me if he isn't right for me.

I Had a Dream



I wish the man I am with, that I love dearly with my heart and soul, would quit worrying about me having to take care of him like I took care of my husband and aunt in my home, like it was a hospital.

He says I did that twice, he isn't interested in causing me to do it a third time. He said, if my husband and aunts had been beloved pets, they mercifully would have been put down. He said living with aches and pains is one thing, but living two years in a hospice run by me, or anyone, does not appeal to him. He said if he got to be like my husband and aunt, he would run off into the woods and find a bear to eat him. I hope that day never comes.

Meanwhile, since we got naked in his bed, in 2 days it will be a month, he has started feeling better in all ways, and he has started looking forward to sticking around, and he likes to quote Jesus in the Gospels said to take no thought for tomorrow, because each day has enough troubles of its own.

I say live by the minute and not wonder what if. I have a good feeling, good things are coming. My spirit protector Asherah has not said anything bad. She is my spirit guide and she would warn me. He's always telling me to listen to her, heeding her warnings, well yesterday she tried to advise him about traffic and he did not listen. He needs to listen. I shared her with him.

My guy and I have the best time. I swear if I laugh anymore harder than I have been, I will rip my sides. Can you die from laughter? No, we would already have been gone.

We were talking last night at dinner or supper, depending on where you live. I said in a past life, I wish I had been what I always dreamed. I wish I had been a skinny black woman in a beige slip, with a flower in my hair, singing in a seedy juke joint, down by a creek, all smokey and with my boyfriend sitting at the front table, drinking and watching me to make sure no one tries to take me home. My man said, "Your pimp!" I could only laugh. It reminded me of Billie Holiday!

In some ways I am an old soul, and in some ways I am a wild child, hippie, part witch! Or so I have been told. I am just me and what you see is what you get!

I am healing so much writing these stories. I may have to write for the rest of my life on this planet! I plan on being here for a very long time.

I am finally at peace. It is such a good feeling.

Alexa is playing Billie Holiday to me. I wonder what my man would do if he came home I was in a beige slip and a flower in my hair! HMMMM I may have an idea!

But didn't tell you yet about a dream I had the other night.

I was standing on a street corner. My Subaru came up and stopped. The driver was a really obese lady. There were three other ladies. I got into the back passenger side and saw they had trashed up my car. I told them to get out and they got out. I got behind the wheel and drove off, and a good ways down the road, I saw some condos and one had a sliding glass door that was cracked open. I took all the trash, which included a pair of women's boots, and walked through the sliding glass door and put the trash in the middle of the living room floor and I walked out, wondering if people are sleeping here, why haven't they heard me? I walked back to my Subaru and got into it and drove home.

I told my guy about the dream. He was out of town visiting his daughter and her husband. He said they lived in a condo and it looked like he was involved in my dream. We started talking.

I told him the big obese lady in the dream reminded me of a woman acquaintance, who is a Facebook friend, who keeps putting praise Donald Trump stuff in my Facebook Messenger. Earlier in the day of the dream, I had gotten a shitty message from my big obese acquaintance, who frequently tries to piss me off, saying the Democrats are responsible for Project 2025 and the Dems blame it on her American Idol Trump. God she has to be brainwashed, and I told her so.

This is our conversation. Excuse any errors.

Her: Kathleen Noyce on FB.. WOW Harris gets Endorsement from project 2024 from the founding trustee who wrote project 2025 (I typed it as it was written)

Me: Well, maybe that will help her win.

Her: I hope not or no one will be able to live you know the democrats wrote project 2025 and blamed on trump.....(I am typing errors and all)

Me: Lord another brainwashed you are.

Her: No your brainwashed, I live and have struggled under their rule and they are pushing us to a communist society.

Me: Don't talk to me about politics anymore. I don't discuss politics with anyone or religion except with my guy. Even Linda (a mutual friend) and I don't talk about it. I just found out she's a Methodist after 25 years of friendship! You don't know everything and neither do I but you think you do. I admit I don't. Not today Satan.

Her: Fine but don't push that you are against a project to turn around and support the people that are promoting it. I don't know anything your right but I do know the struggles that this administration has caused the American people and it will get worse if she's re-elected she's been there this whole time and not done anything to stop the changes.

I told my guy about that and he emailed me this below, which he had found online, to copy and paste into a reply to fatso which I did:

All over TikTok, the "leader of the Heritage Foundation" endorsed Kamala Harris, drawing the conclusion that Project 2025 is Harris project. The president of the Heritage Foundation is Kevin Roberts: he has not endorsed Harris. Mickey Edwards, a founding trustee of the Heritage Foundation, did endorse Harris. However, he left the GOP in 2021 and endorsed Biden in the 2020 election. So no, Project 2025 isn't Kamala's nor did Robert's endorse her.

Fatso has her own Subaru. She is obese, I am not. I live within my means, no debt. She has loads of debt and she does not live within her means. She did not pay a credit card bill for three years. That says something. She reminds me of deadbeat Donald Trump, who doesn't pay his bills. I have a man in my life, she does not, so she trolls my FB page, and if she remotely sees anything to pick at, she'll say something in

Messenger, because I told her and all my Facebook friends not to talk shit on my page. They can talk shit on their pages.

My guy emailed me this from his blog to post at my Facebook page, and I haven't heard a peep from fatso since.

Donald Trump and North Carolina Lt. Governor Mark Robinson caused Hurricane Helene



When I read in various online news reports that Donald Trump said he was surprised that such a powerful hurricane as Helene could happen in September, I wondered how Trump could live in West Palm Beach, Florida and not know the hurricane season begins in June and ends in early November, and some of the most powerful hurricanes have come in September and October?

I wondered, because everyone living in Florida, but Donald Trump, knows what you just read above.

I wondered how any Republicans and MAGAs in Hurricane-ravaged Florida, Georgia, and North Carolina could want such a hurricane ignorant idiot in the White House? If he can't anticipate hurricanes in September, how can he anticipate anything?

Well?

Hello?

Anyone home?

Try on what any half ass shaman or witch sees plain as day.

Shortly before Helena hatched, North Carolina Lt. Governor Charlie Robinson, a big fan of Donald Trump, and vice-versa, was outed for having been a black Nazi, pro-slavery, glad Martin Luther King was killed, loving to watch transgender porno...

Trump did not denounce Robinson.

Helene laid much of Florida and North Carolina to waste.

Res Ipsa Loquitur, the thing speaks for itself.

Maybe I would have kept quiet about that if Marjorie Taylor Green, Republicans and MAGAs had not gone viral claiming President Biden and/or Democrats used secret technology to create Hurricane Helene.

But then, maybe the angels that steer and correct me would have Helene'd me if I had kept quiet about it.

Truth often is much stranger than fiction, but it's really hard for me to imagine anything stranger than Donald Trump, Mark Robinson and Marjorie Taylor Green.

But who were the other three women in my dream that I dumped on my guy?

Fatso and two of my friends took a trip together and you can bet they were talking about me. I talked in the previous chapter about my friend whose husband is abusive to her and I told her she needed to deal with it and not complain about him to me any more. She rents my other house from me. Two nights ago, he called me wanting to borrow my riding lawn

mower, because his riding lawn mower's belt had come off three months ago and he never got it fixed. I told him to go get a belt. He said a hardware store sold him one but it was the wrong size and they had ordered him another belt. The next day, he went somewhere and found a belt and came home and cut the grass. My guy was sitting with me in my kitchen making damn sure I did not give an inch. My dear friend was letting her husband bug me. That was the 4 women's dream.

Another dream I had last night. I may as well spill everything.

I had the ten commandments of LOVE in frames all over the house and someone stole them and I do not know HOW or where I got them back but I was hanging them back up.

The ten commandments of love were in black frames, and I remembered two of them: "Love is not an abusive relationship, that is not love." "You should love someone with all your heart and be good to them."

I was holding up a piece of paper on which was written, and I said it out loud, "Is this really where you want to eat?" It woke me up thinking about a popular local homestyle food restaurant called "The White House," where my guy and I ate recently, and he said my cooking was a lot better. He and I had a squash casserole, which had cornbread in it. He usually doesn't eat corn, because it's not digestible unless it's soaked overnight in limewater, and the next day he ate the leftover squash casserole we brought home and he was sick in his gut for two days.

Before we turned in last night, my guy had said maybe we will eat at White House again, and I had wondered, but did not say, why would he want to eat there, if it made him sick and he likes my cooking much better?

Today is my woman friend's first anniversary, and I have been telling her that what she and her husband have going is not love and she needs to get a lawyer to get her a divorce, and I don't want to hear anymore about her husband. I do not want to eat there any more.

Redneck Witch Burial Method



A few nights ago, I dreamed I was in England. Someone had stolen my purse, my cell phone, my money, and my passport. I walked all night to find the Apple Store, because I had bought phones from the Apple store where I live, and I knew they must have my information and let me have one on credit. I could provide them everything they wanted to know from memory so I could get a phone. I wanted to come home. I walked and walked to no avail, no Apple Store. Finally I went to a kiosk and asked them to help me. They could not. I then stated "If someone calls my Bed Bug, I know he will come get me." I said that over and over. I knew without a doubt he would get me home.

I was in Barnwell England, and I never had even heard of that place even with my years of genealogy research. I also wondered how he was going to get over there because I knew I had renewed my passport this year, even if it had been stolen and he had not renewed his. I however knew in my heart he'd find a way to get me home. I depended and trusted him on that. If I could just get a call to him. I was asking everyone to call him. I woke up from the dream talking out loud, asking him to come get me.

My guy and I worried and conjectured the meaning of the dream, which he said I had called him in to solve in the dream, by my saying and thinking over and over that he would come to England to get me. Finally, I said I was going to look up Barnwell online, and he looked it up on Wikipedia.

Wikipedia

Barnwell (formerly Barnwell All Saints^[1]and Barnwell St Andrew) is a village in North Northamptonshire in England, 2 miles (3.2 km) south of the town of Oundle, 78 miles (126 km) north of London (via the A1 road) and 14 miles (22.5 km) south-west of Peterborough. The River Nene runs north of the village, separating it from Oundle.

The village's name origin is uncertain. 'Warrior's spring/stream', 'Beorna's spring/stream' or 'burial-place spring/stream'.^[2]

And Bed Bug said, “I think the dream is about burying your husband and aunt.

I had asked him would he take me 100 or so miles north of where we live, where I had spread the ashes of my sister Karen and her cat Pesky Harris, spread the ashes of my husband of 35 years and my Aunt of all my life to their final resting place down a beautiful river. My Bed Bug asked me if they loved where we live now, and I said, yes, both loved this area, and just down the road from our home is a river with a tall bridge. Bug said, well that is a lovely place to spread their ashes, instead of driving 100 miles to do it? I said that felt right. I had peace in my heart.

On Sunday, which was yesterday, we took them to the river. My Aunt did not want to go. She was in her slot machine cookie jar. That woman loved the casino. I could hardly get her bag of ashes out of the jar. We got to the river and I had a moment where I felt like one of those people on the murder channel that was throwing bodies over a bridge. That feeling left after I saw the beauty of the place and knew I was doing the right thing.

I opened each bag and told them time to go, while my guy was standing next to me. My Aunt gave me a bit of an “I don't want to go” episode. I finally had to rip open the plastic bag some more to get her to let go and all go out of the bag. It was a happy time. I did not shed a tear. They have been gone over 2 years. It was time. I am not the same person I was many years ago. I am a new person like a reborn person and it is time to breathe life in this new person. I feel alive and very happy. I am new!

The two family members looked very happy sailing down the river and they will end up in the Gulf of Mexico. They both loved there so much also.

I had written a letter to my husband asking him to set me free so I could have 100% of me to love again. He did. I am thankful for them both being in my life at one time. I hope they are happy where they are. I know I am. Big thanks to my man for being there. I was not alone. I did not cry. I felt happiness and relief as I watched their ashes in the air hit the water below.

We got into Sloan's van and he drove us to his apartment in the city, where we started sifting and sorting what he wanted to keep and what he wanted to give away. He was coming to live with me. This was where it began, in his bedroom, 4 weeks ago, in broad daylight. I had never been naked in broad daylight. We got naked in broad daylight again. Then, we got back to sifting and sorting, and he found the business card of the man who had helped him move into the apartment 5 years ago. He called the man and left him a voicemail, and the man called back, and they met this morning at the apartment about moving my man's stuff this weekend to my home.

Driving home, my Bed Bug asked me if I had seen the two sparrows cavorting on the other side of the road? I asked him what cavorting meant? He said to ask Siri. Siri explained it. I said, "we cavorted in your bed." He smiled. We had a nice evening, except I kept talking about a close friend who seemed mad at me for taking up with my Bed Bug, and I kept carrying on.

Last night, I had a dream that I had had lots of times before. I am always back at my job at the Post Office in 2006, from which I retired in 2006. I am doing all kinds of work, but I do not have a time card to clock in clock out. So basically I am not supposed to be there. Last night I was having to redo a big manual for the main manager. It was about 10 inches thick. When it was time for me to clock out, I had not even started working on the manual because others had me pulled every which direction.

The supervisor that was in charge looked at me and told me I was 20 minutes late clocking out and I asked her if she would fix my time because I did not have a card. She told me that I had a habit of not clocking in and out. I can not. I do not have this time card that looks like a credit card you swipe in the machine to put you on the correct operation.

I woke up and my Bed Bug asked me if I'd had a dream? I told him the dream several times before I got it all put together. My Bed Bug said a recurring dream is really important, and the Post Office delivers the mail, and this mail was for me, and he thought the dream was about me tending to other people, clocking them in and out, trying to help them fix their problems, instead of clocking me in and out and fixing my problems, and I had not had time to write this chapter, the manual in the dream, because I was trying to help other people instead. I said, "That sounds like a good idea to me. Everyone else fixes their own "job."

I have always been the fixer when anyone came to me in a mess I would fix it, they go on their way and some to never be heard from again! I am getting rid of that in my life. I am no longer the fixer except for two people that live in this home. I will take care of us and fix what needs to be fixed by my part and everyone else, you on your own. Punch your own time cards. I am retired from Fix It, Inc.

As my Bed Bug was about to drive to his apartment to meet the mover man, so he could see how much he would have to move, my Bed Bug said something was causing his left testicle to hurt. He views the left side of his body as the female side, and the right side as the male side. He left to meet the mover. He called me later to say his friend who does the tech work for their podcast had a dream, which might have meant I was in peril, and I needed to be very careful, including having one of my pistols with me, locked and loaded. After telling me that, my Bed Bug said his testicle stopped hurting.

I then talked with my girlfriend with the abusive husband, and I told her about the England dream and I knew I needed to stick to clocking me in and out, and not other people, and she said okay.

I never could have figured that out on my own. I am grateful I have a wonderful person here to help me guide my way through the rest of my life. The wonderful person groaned, saying he wished he was smart enough to fix himself.

Redneck witch fool moon telemarketers scalping party



My phone does not ring much anymore, I wonder why?

I feel like I should have some laughter today, as I had a somewhat kind of sadness but it's over now. One monkey doesn't stop a show. This train is going to keep on rolling.

Here are some of my favorite calls. Gary is my deceased husband.

Them: May I please speak to Garrrry?(foreign voice)

Me: Sure if you can get him out of the river where I put his ashes to go down to the ocean. Hang up.

Them: May I please speak to Crissssss.(foreign voice)

Me: Speaking

Them: Are you ok today? (they want yes on their recorder)

Spammers

Me: What the hell do you want?

Them: I noticed you have severe back issues and we can help you.

Me: I don't have back issues. I have a pain in the ass from these calls plus I got a sexually transmitted disease that my coochie itches all the time and you scratch it until it bleeds. Can you send me some cream or medicine for that? Scabs and blood everywhere. (dead silence on other end) I never knew I could make a man go silent, but I did! Then they hang up.

Political call: Do you mind me asking who you are going to vote for this year? What party?

Me: Honey, I can't vote. I am a convicted felon for murdering several people, dismembering them, disposing of the bodies, never to be found, I think some were telemarketers. They hang up fast.

Them: May I please speak to Gary?

Me: If you hold on, let me go get his urn of ashes and glue him back together, you can then talk to him. Hang up.

Them: Hello Crisssssss.

Me: What the hell do you want?

Them: I want to offer you, (whatever they are trying to push.)

Me: I do NOT talk to fucking terrorists.

Them: Lady, I am American.

Me: The fuck you are. If you are American, I am not! I do not talk to terrorists in person or on the phone.

I hang up, block them and they call back. I block again.

I sometimes love to fuck with them really nasty when they call. One time, one called to ask me if I needed a new septic tank. My reply (in a deep Southern redneck drawl), "No sweetie, we live in the country, we ain't got running water and I shit in the woods with a newspaper for toilet paper. They never called again!

Them: I'd like to discuss a trip for you, I am with (never heard of it) travel agency.

Me: Sweetie, I ain't got no legs and I am blind plus I ain't got no one to take me. Hang up. Got the evil eye from Mr. Never called back.

Them: Is this Crissssss?

Me: What the hell do you want?

They started in their bullshit spill about something I was interested in. I picked up the Bible and I know I read them two chapters, at least.

One time in my little girl voice, I answered the phone.

Them: May I please speak to one of your parents?'

Me: Nope they are in their room and I am eating a sucker and they told me ot to come in there unless the house was on far. I was snorting like I had snot coming out.

Them: Are you sure they can't come to the phone?

Me: Nope I can't. I was told not to come in and I think my Mama is hurt. She is screaming.

Hang up. Never called again!

How I deal with ATT Uverse.

Them: Welcome to ATT, please say what you need.

Me: Yayayayayayadkdkdkkdkdt969tt9t9t9 ggiggigiggnnn- like a foreign language at the nail shop.

Them: I am sorry I did not get that, please say again what you need;

Me: Yayayayayayadkdkdkkdkdt969tt9t9t9 ggiggigiggnnn

Them: Let me get you an agent.

I go straight to a human, bypass all that button pushing crap.

Yeah, I got fucking full moon madness. I should hang that sign up outside. It is truly a full moon madness. I do not want to go into detail, but it was a bad fucking day and I was nice and didn't cast no spells or say nothing mean to nobody- yet. I wish I could get my 410 and shoot that fucker out of the sky. MMS, like PMS, but Moon Madness. You can lock me in a cellar with no windows or nothing, and I can knock on the door when the moon is about two days from being full and two days after. It is a hard ride to deal with it, but somebody has to do it.

To that man in the full moon. Man in the moon, I'll be sleeping with zero clothes on tonight, so you can KMA. I hate the moon and what it does to me. Is there any way to escape?

Now in a few weeks Mercury will be in Retrograde again and I'll be batshit crazy again.

I know most of you are saying, "What's new"?

I am writing a book.

I told Bed Bug to make sure it was published when I was dead. That way, I won't have to face anyone!!!!

He laughed, said, "That ain't' how the moon works. She controls the tides, not you, Witch. There ain't no man in the moon, there is only the moon, and she ain't about to let no man control her, and that's how it is. As for Mercury, tend to him like he's a telemarketer."

I wish my mother was living just for a week. She'd raise hell. Or try. She would be 91 if she was living and I'd love for her to know I am living with a man I am not married to. That would torture the hell out her. You see, she always tried to run my life. In many ways she ruined my life. She would always tell me what I could do and what I could not do after I left home. Until she died she tried to rule me. I was 40 when she passed away. Mother, I am living with a Bed Bug and I love it!

I can just hear her bitching. Oh I'd love it. Today we got the rest of the items out of his apartment. He doesn't even seem sad to lose where he lived for 5 years. I am glad. I am going to do my part to make this the

happiest home on the planet. It is nice sharing my life with someone who somewhat understands me and I understand him.

I was eating handfuls of antacids each day. I would get up during the middle of the night on fire and eat 4 to 5. I was concerned I had stomach cancer or some type of disease. Tomorrow we will be in the same home for a month and I have not even thought about antacids. My stomach has not hurt. Well let me say that again, he cooks wonderfully, I eat like a pig till my stomach is full about to pop but not gaining any weight. Healthy food, but zero pain like I was having. It's healing having someone with you. Human touch. I have said many times that human touch is the key to long life. I truly look forward to a long happy life with Bed Bug.

Mama I hope you can see. I would just love to have her to know what is going on. She'd pitch a fit! I'd rub it in her face!! Tell her all the intimate details. Oh how I'd love to torture her! Payback is a bitch! The only person she loved is my brother David. He got taken away from her in 1992. Then the second person is Snitchy Bitchy Karen, my sister who left 2015 to Heaven. The two she did not care about, well we are still here. She thought the sun set on my nephew. He is married to a man and I am living with a man. Please someone let her know!

Mexicans, Santa Anna's revenge?

Well I am back of sorts. We finally got everything moved into our home and unpacked and must have washed a million loads so it seems. I am tired. My brain is tired. I can not even remember all of this dream.

There was this huge building in the front yard of my home, with divided businesses. There are 4 acres here of good clean flat land where we live, with no trees on one side.

There were Mexicans all over the place and they were very nice. I remember they were building doors, windows and other wooden things. A regular white lady had her children there and they turned out to be 9 cats. I have not figured that out yet. Well my guy friend asked how many lives does a cat have? Nine. He's had 8 wives. He says he's had more lives than any cat. I hope we both have nine more lives. I did not like her and her husband. I liked the Mexicans, I never cared much for cats but I tolerated them because they were children, or represented children, in the dream.

As we all know there is a big stink in the USA about immigrants crossing the southern border especially. My heart goes out to the families that are really good people just seeking a better life for them and their children. No, I do not think the USA should take all of them, other countries should step up and do their part.

My guy asked me if I want to be in charge of which immigrants get into America, and which immigrants are turned away? I said, no.

But I know as a woman, a childless woman, if I did have children and we were in the horrible conditions some of these people are experiencing, I'd be trying to get my children out of harm's way any way I could. I could not stand to see my son or sons recruited in the gangs and my daughter or daughters raped. I'd also be walking with them.

My guy said he agrees, what goes on in other countries is horrible, but again he asked me, do I want to be the person who decides which immigrants get into America and which immigrants don't get in? I said, no.

Illegal aliens, which I assume some of the Mexicans were, built this beautiful home we live in. I had an American guy who was younger than me bush hog each week or maybe every two weeks while they were building to keep neighbors happy and really I wanted to keep the land nice. The man that cut my grass watched, like as we say in the South, "A hawk watching a chicken," everything the Mexicans did. He would comment on things. I finally had enough and asked him how he knew so much about building? He said he used to be a builder. When I inquired as to why he was not building anymore, he said, "too hard." He was really a redneck with his "too hard." Too damn hard of work for an American, but these Mexicans, or Illegal aliens, as some would call them, were working their asses off to perfection.

We live a little ways out of Birmingham in a rural town with no red lights, a post office in a trailer, a bank was also in a trailer, and we just got a new bank building. You get the point. One school, a Jack's (fast food hamburger place), two service stations with one being part hardware. Just tiny. We have this store that is like a farmers market inside the store. Jam's, jellies, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, juice, all kinds of that type of things. I was talking to the owner and he out of the blue said if we did not have

immigrants, we would not eat. He can not get Americans to work for him, only Mexicans. He said Mexicans work from daylight to dark and sometimes in the summer bring their teenage children to help while the kids are out of school.

I know in my past experiences I have had a hard time finding an affordable American to work for me on repairs. If you do find one they want triple or more what the Mexican people that I get to do the job charge. I have had great success on projects hiring Mexicans. I did not ask them whether they were legal or not. I just wanted to know if they could do the work, how much, how many days? I really like the ones that I have their number that work for me. An American guy quoted me \$5000.00 to replace the screws on my metal roof. I called the guy that contracted out this home and he gave me a Mexican guy's name and number. He replaced all the screws for \$600.00. What a difference, a big difference.

I do not know the answer for the problem of the thousands trying to get in our country. I have no desire to work for any organization that makes that decision.

My guy said it's a horrible problem, but America has lots of immigrants from Mexico and other places, who can and will do the work most Americans would never dream of doing. My guy said America has many internal problems it needs to fix. My guy said America caused many problems outside of its borders, including wars and revolutions, and that distracts from dealing with the many problems in America. I think he's right, and my heart aches for the people trying to get into America from where their lives are hell on earth.

Meanwhile, here's the newest chapter Gabby is writing in her first book, tales of a redneck witch.

I jumped off a bridge



Art by Sloan Bashinsky

Bridge Over Troubled Waters, by Simon and Garfunkel, is one of my favorite songs, and sometimes I felt like my life was a bridge over troubled waters for the last few weeks, not all in a really bad way, just some.

A few nights ago, I told my guy that I would go with him to a club where he plays the bridge card game and watch people play bridge to see if I am interested in learning how to play it.

He asked me if I had a deck of cards? I said, yes, and went and got it and handed it to him. He dealt out all of the cards on the kitchen counter top into four hands, 13 cards per hand, face up. He arranged the hand in front of him by suit: spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs. He asked me to arrange the hand across from him, where I was sitting, as his partner. The other two hands were our opponents.

I was all thumbs, trying to arrange my hand. He told me to just pick up one card at a time and put it into my hand, and arrange the suits as I did it. Then, he explained some basics of the game and he bid and played all the hands slowly, explaining what he was doing, and my mind was going

way overloaded, and he said that was okay. Then, he dealt another hand, and we did it again, and then we called it a night for cards.

I'm a serious introvert. I can't be thrown into a situation. I have to work up my courage. My life had changed so much, so fast, because of this man coming into my life. I needed a breather, not to jump off yet another bridge.

In one of my dreams the night before we went to the bridge club, a guy from the Post Office where I retired from told me, "You need to eat." I was told by the dream interpreter, Sloan, that it meant I needed to try new things. I felt like I had jumped off a bridge

When we drove to the bridge club, I was silently planning when I was going to schedule my nervous breakdown. Would it be this coming week, the next week, or when? I prayed for the world to come to an end before we got there.

When we arrived at the club and I got out of the car in the parking lot, my legs were weak. I was terrified to go in. I had zero confidence in myself. I did not know how I have made it this far in life, even though I have done very well for myself.

I thought back to years ago, when I emailed this man I did not know about something that I read on his blog and I had no other reason to do so, but I was just nosey, and I had no cue that years later, in 2024, he would be living in my home in the country. It's just hard to believe. I think it was destined to happen. Not luck.

When we walked from the car to the club entrance, there was a man in the parking lot and Sloan introduced him as the club manager, Robert, also known as, Darth Vader. Sloan told him my name, and that I also am known as Morticia and we two should get along quite well. Robert shook hands with me, I could tell it was going to be alright inside the clubhouse.

We walked inside and Sloan showed me around, where the bathrooms were, and so forth. The main room was full of card tables, and people were sitting at the tables and more people were arriving and sitting at tables, and we went to the table where Sloan's playing partner sat, and he introduced me to her, and he said she was was not sure how she felt

about me moving way up in the country, and she said he was concerned for me, not for Sloan, and there was a bit of laughter over that. Two other ladies were worried I had him so far out in the woods, there were no doctors. Two miles from the house we have a clinic with a doctor and 7 miles north of us we have several in a clinic. We are covered.

I sat in a chair beside Sloan, so that I could watch him play his hand, and I could see the opponent between us play her hand. There were about as many men as women at the game. They played several hands, and then we moved to another table, where the club manager and his partner were sitting. He made a play that Sloan said went to the dark side- tricky, not something other players might do. I knew we were really going to get along, because I have been to the dark side many times.

Then, I met Mark. I really liked Mark. He is a true southern gentleman. He wanted to know if I was the ladybug, as I am called in some of Sloan's writings on his blog. I said, yes, and from then on he referred to me as "bug." I was interrogated by him until we found out we knew the same person from my hometown where I lived till 1972. For a split second I felt like I was at a job interview with the questions he was bombarding me with or interrogated by the FBI! I did not mind. He was quite funny. I am sorry we only got to talk for a few minutes.

A really nice lady asked me why I was with "him", meaning Sloan. She said she called him "I J I T", not an idiot, but Ijit. Sloan asked her to tell me what he called her? "Battle Axe." She said it was her nap time, she just nodded for a split second until her partner told her what card to put down. She was the dummy. Her partner was the declarer, after they won the bid.

During the lunch break, a very nice lady asked me as I was washing out my and Sloan's yogurt containers, "Is he still moving?" I told her he had already moved!

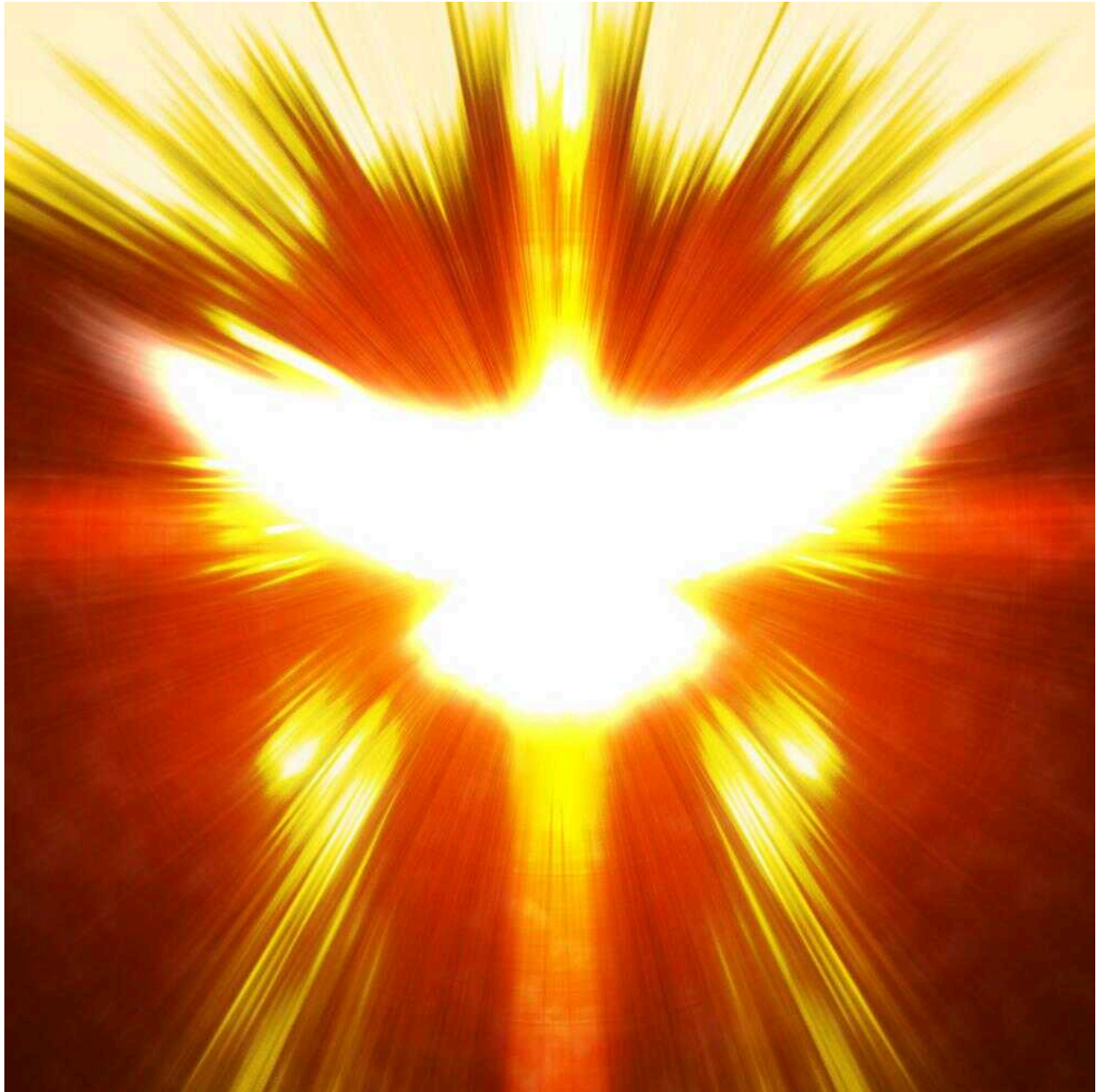
Sloan introduced me to the club witch, who he was getting ready to play against. I smiled, secretly knowing she was not really a witch, as I had never seen her at any coven meetings. Sloan told her I was a real witch. He has told so many people that I am a witch, they are going to start believing him. She said she had memorized the first three chapters of the witch spell book. I have written a witch spell book. After all, one of my spells accidentally killed a peacock!

I really had a good time. They were extremely nice and you really could tell they enjoyed the game and friendship.

Bridge is a partnership game, it's like dancing with someone else. You have to work together, understand what each other's bids and plays mean. I feel like I have jumped off a bridge, again, with Sloan.

The same night I was told in a dream that I need to eat more, I was told in a dream that I need to sew. I have been sewing Sloan a mandala quilt. I need to get back to that. And, are there other other things I need to sew, or sew up.

Born again HERE I GO AGAIN TELLING THE SAME STORY!



After my husband Gary died in 2022, I was NEVER EVER EVER EVER going to be involved with anyone in my life again, after I gave someone 35 years and they up and left, could not be helped and to top it off I was not even happy. Well maybe a year I was. I did not know any better I guess. I told someone I was like a piece of chewing gum from 33 to, all the good chewed out and then discarded.

I hated the word "widow", so I am saying I was alone, single . I was very alone, even with Elizabeth Taylor, my poodle and my uncle living with

me. I was very lonely in my own world, I was going to make myself be ok, but ready to clean out and clear out my home. Out of sight out of mind was my motto. I went through closets, drawers, cabinets, you name it. I went through it and got rid of things. Gave items away mostly to family members, the things that were family pieces, and the rest I donated.

Now here below I go repeating myself. I guess it is important. So just hang on. You might find out something I left out the first time around.

While I was in a cleaning frenzy, I ran across some books written by Sloan. I like books by people I know to be autographed. I had been talking to Sloan online and my husband knew about it. It was harmless. I had zero intentions other than to be nosey. Afterall a woman is nosey right? I kept up with Sloan's going on on his blogs, and was asked by Gary, "What is our Key West friend up to?" I would tell him the latest. I was not the type of woman to be pursuing another man while I am with one. That idea never crossed my mind. I was just plain and simple nosey. Inquisitive. No nosey.

When I found Sloan's books, while cleaning and clearing, my intentions were to mail them to him, get him to autograph them and I would have the money enclosed inside the box with a label so it would be very easy to send back. I was terrified to no end to even contact him, but I sent him an email. No, he wanted to meet Morticia, which is my moniker, so we decided on lunch at the Summit, Urban Cookhouse, off of US 280 south of Birmingham.. I figured it was out in the daylight with people around and I would be safe. Little did I know.

I was a nervous wreck the entire time of driving, to the point I was dizzy and I hoped I did not wreck or worse. My stomach was going crazy. I just told myself to suck it up and go on , that It would be ok, that I was grown or, so I thought. Afterall I, was 69 years old, what was there to be afraid of? How harmless could a little lunch be? Later on down the road, I was going to be in a shock of what was about to happen. I was not going to be myself anymore. I did not see it happening. I have three crystal balls that I wont look in because I am afraid of what I'll see. I was going to be born again, but just did not know it.

Sloan was about 10 minutes late getting there. I was relieved. I had those extra minutes to compose myself and get me halfway back in sync, try to put on a relaxed face, hands quit shaking. You know the drill. He

called a couple of times wanting to know where the hell this place was, he sounded grumpy. He had said he did not like GPS. I was directing him, and I saw him drive up and I thought, "What a fine mess you got yourself into." My head was swimming. When I have an overload of anxiety I get drunk but not in the alcohol way. Just dizzy and goofy. I was terrified.

We went in and placed an order and I paid against his wishes because basically I felt like if he came to sign my books the least I could do is pay for his meal. I am a modern woman. I do not believe the man should pay for everything. I do my part. I remember him asking the girl behind the counter if they have collard greens. NOPE, but she gave him broccoli salad to try, and he liked it, and we ordered and sat down only to move two more times. I felt like I was playing musical chairs. "Let's move there, no over there, no here is fine." I was about worn out from moving and I was hoping the server could find us. I was like WTH have I gotten in to?

Ok just a harmless lunch, eat, talk, get books autographed, go home and you will be ok. I got a chicken salad plate with fruit. I was so nervous and my stomach was about to cause me to pass out because of nerves, my breath was being held as I do when I am in a catastrophe of sorts and I felt like I was about to hit the floor or the look when I am trying to poop. I also probably had a look of terror on my face, I am pretty sure of that. I could feel myself in a panic. I picked at my food like a bird, he said. Then came his first move, he reached over and picked off my plate with his fingers. Ate some fruit, and wanted to see how good it was out of season. I nearly died, I could not believe it. I did not know what to think. That should have been a wakeup call right there that my life later on would not be the same!.

We ate, he talked, I was shaking and my voice was almost impossible to come out like a tiny mouse squeaking. I remember looking at him and thinking he is handsome and wondering if I had some food in my teeth or my makeup was smudged, if any of my blonde fuzz on my face that makes me look like a cat was showing. I never was so glad when he wanted to move from the window. All I needed was a bit of sunlight to hit my face and he'd thought he was with catwoman! Whatever we women worry about in the presence of what we consider gorgeous men. I made it through lunch, the fastest hour I had spent in a long time. It was time to go home. I wanted to leave, but I did not want to leave. I honest to God DID NOT WANT TO LEAVE! I know that does not make sense. We walked out and before we stepped off the curb he put his hand on my back to keep me

from stepping off the curve. Jello legs. I attributed it to being so nervous. But I felt electrical currents. I got in my car with him and he autographed my books. I thanked him for coming to lunch and for the autographs and notes he wrote in the books and I left.

All the way home, I was in an earthquake in my body. I shook and shivered, I had electrical chills running up and down my body. What little body hair I have was standing on end. I felt like someone was running their fingers across me giving me chills, I just knew it was terminal. I called two friends on the way home on the car phone and I did not shut up. I was a basketcase. I arrived home to be in a mess here also. Blood, poop and vomit everywhere. It looked like a murder scene. My toy poodle Elizabeth Taylor was so sick. At this time, my 93 year old uncle was living with me and I went into his room to see if he had fed her some chocolate or if she had somehow gotten into his pills. She was very ill. No he had not given her anything and he had not come out of his room watching tv to see what I was facing.

I got the mess cleaned up and Elizabeth was still sick, so I took her to the emergency room for animals. When I arrived, the tech made me stay in the car while they took Elizabeth in. I gave them all the info, but I guess she could see I was losing it and I was asked to wait outside. Oh, it seemed like days. One lady came out with her baby dog in a zipped up bag. I was begging God not to let mine come out that way. I was shaking again. Earthquake Gabby registers about 5.5 on the Richter scale.

About 30 minutes went by and they called me in. Put me in an empty room where Elizabeth was not, and I was preparing for the worst of news. The vet came in and asked me, "What in the world is going on with you? Are you under any stress?" I answered with an, "Oh no, not me, nothing going on in my life, I am fine." Goddam stupid woman. The vet said, "Well, you have gotten your baby under so much stress, she is picking up something from you. You need to learn to deal with whatever is going on, she senses things."

Well, I wish Elizabeth Taylor could talk and tell me what was going on. I must have really been stupid not to see what was causing this. \$450.00 later. I got a \$450.00 bill from a lunch date at the emergency animal clinic. I had already made up my mind that if Elizabeth Taylor was going to have to be put down, I was going to grab the needle and stick

myself before they stuck her. I was in that bad of a shape. What in the world is going on with me. I have never been this much in a tizzy .My life spinning out of control. I was at a heart attack level. We arrived back home with her medicine and I took to the bed as we say in the South.

It took me 3 days to recover from a one hour lunch and an ER trip for the dog. I could not watch tv in my bedroom or read, I was so sick. If my date had not shook me to the core of the universe, Elizabeth Taylor would have not gotten sick. I never had this effect on me from lunch. I was like paralyzed. My uncle had to eat, so I had to force myself to get up and make him some food, but I could not eat. What is wrong with me, am I dying? Going insane? Sloan said yesterday,, "Goddamn stupid woman, did not know what was going on." Nope, I did not. I never had a reaction to a chicken salad plate with fruit like this before. I must have been one stupid woman for real.

Fast forward. I did not hear from Sloan for a year I think it was. I would sit at home and wonder what was wrong with me? Did I offend him? Do I put off a scent like a skunk to ward off people? Am I ugly, am I fat? I just could not figure out what was going on. I would talk to my bestie, which is like a daughter, Michelle. I would ask her, "What is wrong with me? Do I come across as a bad person to others? I asked her all kinds of questions. Her normal answer was, "Do you want me to jump on his back like a monkey and scratch their eyes out?" it is a joke with us. This was no joke, I was literally in a way I do not have words to describe. I wanted to slap some sense in him.

I forgot about it, got busy doing something else. but really in the back of my mind I was secretly wondering about things. Then I heard from him. "Let's eat again." Ok. This time it was almost the same table but my nerves were not as bad as they were the first time, however they still were pretty bad. What is wrong with me? Then, he said we should eat out more. Ok, I thought that was fine. Neither one of us seemed like we wanted anything to do relationship wise. We would just go out to dinner or lunch, be friends, and I would try to persuade him to let me pay for some meals, each go to their own homes and just have good time for one hour each week, or sometimes it turned into two times a week.

I am the kind of person that never made the first move. I did not realize there was going to be a first move. If I had realized, I might have

changed and made it, but I did not. I on one hand wished I did and then on the other hand it was not the right timing. All things worked out in the end. If I had to be the one to make the first move, I'd be sitting here an old maid with a poodle and not with a man. I just can't step out front to let people know what I want, well back then. And I really was not sure myself what I wanted and what was going on. I am learning to speak up.

The next lunch was at a fish restaurant downtown, I was allowed to pay. I felt better paying, doing my part. Don't ask me what I ate or wore because I do not have a clue. I barely remember going there. It was like a tv movie or dream that I was watching from the outside in.

Time went on and I again thought I had something terminal going on in my stomach. I just knew I was dying. Karate chops, butterflies flying, bees buzzing, ballet dancers dancing along with cold chills. I ate antacids like candy. I would call Michelle each night, real late and ask her if she thought something was killing me. I always woke her up, but I needed to try to figure out what was wrong. I had another friend then, but we are not now. I could not talk about these things because even though we had been friends for over 20 years, she was not like Michelle. I was going to schedule a procedure to see if I really did have something terminal going on. Michelle kept telling me to call and make an appointment and she would take me.

Time rocked on, we ate more and hardly talked on the phone except for one sentence or two, fastest conversations on the planet. Call, ask, hang up. Whirlwind. It never occurred to me that Sloan was the reason I was in a tizzy. Woman, how the hell can you be so stupid? I had not felt love in ages and did not know that was what was working on me.

I am not going to give you every detail on the planet, but let's just say Sloan and I were talking on the phone one day, as I held a big load of muscadine grapes I was picking at a neighbor's yard. I said something, and he asked me if I wanted to come to his place and try to raise something from the dead? I dropped all of those grapes on the ground and said, yes. I went. All my clothes came off in broad daylight in his apartment. I took them off. I had never done anything like that in broad daylight. After that, I didn't need antacids anymore. My stomach didn't bother me any more. It had been so long since I felt something for someone I did not know what was

happening. I was blindsided! I began to do things I never dreamed of doing, and I was born again..

I mean now sitting back looking in, am I that naive? I have this saying when Sloan tells me I am not doing something right. "How I made it for 71 years is beyond me." He always comments something to the effect that he also wonders how I made it. We laugh, I secretly plot. Just kidding.

I called my cousin today in Texas. She and I are genealogy whores, as I call it. We love genealogy. We both have been lazy on working on it lately, but are about to get in the game again. I had already sent her a picture of me and Sloan at the quilt show. She thought we looked awesome and happy. Then she said, "You remember when you just wanted a dinner partner/friend, nothing else, and if I brought it up to be something else, NOPE, NOPE, NOPE, NOTTA ,NOTTA etc. I predicted it, told Eric, my husband. I saw it was right in your face, the handwriting on the wall, and you did not see it." I thought to myself, "Goddamn stupid woman." Not her, but me. How I made it all these years is beyond me.



THEN came the day that changed my life forever. I am really born again in ways I could not imagine. I do not feel like the same person that I was for 70 years. I love the new me. I would not trade myself for anything in the world. Yes there has been a lot of adjusting, but I am sure there will be more to come and I am up to the challenge. It goes both ways.

I was asked by Sloan a few weeks ago if I would like to be his medicine? Yes, I would. This morning, I told him there was no expiration date on the prescription, and it will never expire, and unless he decides he does not want or need the “medicine” anymore, there will always be an unlimited supply, no strings attached, no co-pay, no premium!

I realize now Sloan was my medicine for my “terminal” illness of my stomach I thought I had! No, he was the cause of the illness and the cure. Writing this book has cured a lot of other things in me that needed curing. I am sure there will be more stories to come. I did not wish it happened sooner, it would have not been right then. It is right now.

KLAN Man



Thinking back on my childhood, some memories were very sad times, some were very funny times, and some parts were very scary. This is more of a scary one.

I was born in the 50's and grew up in the 60's at my Granny and Pop's home. Pop had a brother that was not doing well and he was in and out of the hospital in a military base near our hometown. We would go visit him from time to time. Children were not allowed in the rooms until they turned 13. I was 6.

This was during the time of segregation. Blacks were not allowed to go in white bathrooms, drink out of the water fountain that the whites did, ride in the front seat, eat in restaurants. I remember eating across from the jewelry store my granny worked at and going across the street to eat lunch and black people coming to the back door knocking and the owner would take them their food. We had Queen Victoria Waddell taking care of my granny's house everyday. That really was her name. I remember riding with

Granny picking Vickie up for work and asking “Granny why can’t Vickie ride up front, Granny why can’t Vicky eat at the table with us?” I’d always get the same answer, “It is the time we are in and we can’t do it, shush.” I was a little pissant, always causing some type of commotion with my questions and still to this day cause trouble! A girl wants to know!

My great uncle was sick and I went with Pop and Granny to the hospital. I had to sit in the waiting room. I remember looking across to where the blacks were sitting and seeing this little black girl with pigtails and a pinafore dress standing in front of her mother. In the middle of the room was a childrens table and 2 chairs and a checkerboard with checkers. I sized up the situation and decided to walk over to ask her if she wanted to play checkers. I did not know any difference. She was a girl child, I was a girl child. I remember her looking up at her mother for permission. Her mother nodded yes. You could have heard a pin drop. Dead silence. We were playing so happily with each other, with both colors of people watching us, blacks and whites. No one said a word. NO ONE.

About half way through the game this big heavy hand came hard down on my shoulders, “come on.” My grandfather in his very Georgia southern voice, was telling me to get up and out we went.

All the way home I got lectured by my him that blacks back then it was colored or worse, nigger, (I detest that word)colored people did not play with white people's children that the Klan would burn a cross in our yard. He terrified me. Granny would say “Roy don’t scare her that way, she didn't know better.” This was the granny that let me drink out of the colored water fountain at Sears the night before when no one was looking. I wanted to see if the water tastes different. Nope it was the same, Granny even took a swig!

In our home town at the 4 way stop there is this huge high cemetery up on the hill that you can go up top and see forever. Or it seemed forever to a child. At the 4 way stop what did we see? Klan roadblock. Oh God they heard about me. I got down in the back seat and hid on the floorboard. Pop pulled up and stopped and he always had this 50 cent piece in his side pocket of the door. He took it out and it rang in the bucket as it hit the other change. THEN the Klan man saw me on the floor in the back seat and he came in through the window. Hood and all. He bent down and almost touched me, we were so close we could have kissed. I was horrified. We

were face to face. It is a wonder I did not crap my pants. I just remember getting in the fetal position hiding. I just knew they knew about me playing checkers with the little black girl at the fort waiting room. I was a goner. They were going to come burn a cross and then take me off and hang me. Granny asked Pop why he gave the 50 cents to the Klan bucket. He said he knew some of the voices under the robes and he had to if he wanted to be allowed to do business in town. I never knew who was under the robes but he sure did.

We were only a few blocks from home at the roadblock and we went in and Granny got in her gown and housecoat and got the newspaper and Pop was watching TV. I was on the couch watching the screen door to see when the Klan was arriving to take me away. They never did.

**Stop It, Asherah! Stop it.(I am glad she persisted and did not stop)
HERE I GO AGAIN WITH THE LOVE STORY. Just hang in there!**



Goodness my life since my husband died in 2022 has been in a hurricane, tornado, tsunami, I can't describe it, I feel it but I can't put it in words.

I was married, not looking for anyone else. I was just sailing along in life, just trying to figure out what was going on. I was not 100% percent happy, but it was tolerable. I am the kind of person to not throw away years. I learned to deal. After all, I hate divorce and never wanted to be divorced. I will stick by your side till the end which is basically what I did. That is just in my way I am made.

After I became the ugly W(widow) word, which makes me think of spiders, I sat in my home and pondered on what I was going to do with the rest of my life. I was 68. No children and really no family so to speak. I did not have a clue, except watch murder mysteries, grow flowers, food and

fish in my pond, and play with my poodle, Elizabeth Taylor, oh yea, get my groceries delivered.

As I have stated before in earlier chapters, and it needs to be told again and maybe again later. I was not planning on getting anywhere with anyone. I did have two men interested in me, but something kept pushing me towards the no button. Plus, the con column I kept writing on paper was more than the pro column. But it was Asherah, my spirit guide that has been with me since 10th grade, that kept pushing me away. I did not know she had secret plans of her own. I just can't describe in words here what it is exactly like to have her with me most of the time. A lot of times I ignored her, which I truly needed to stop. She was only looking out for my best interest.

I met a man online in 2010 because of a tragic event in his family many years ago. I hate what happened in his family. I am NOT grateful it happened. Maybe he'd have ended up here today anyway, you never know what the plans of the universe are for you. You just have to wait and see.

Then came a dinner invitation. Well, I admit the first time was my idea kind of ONLY to get my books that were written by this man autographed that I had talked with over the years online with my husband knowing it. I asked to get his books autographed. He suggested lunch. I nearly died.

As I wrote in an earlier chapter, I was so nervous, for what reason I don't know. But I was deathly sick. So flipping nervous that I tried to talk myself out of going, but oh no SHE (Asherah) was not going to have that happen. To make a long story short, I was so sick, nervous, that when I returned home from the lunch, my dog Elizabeth had gotten sick and had shit and bled out her rectum all over my home, and I had to take her to the pet emergency hospital, and the vet asked me what was going on in me that had made my dog so sick. I had to go to bed for three days, with getting up to feed Elizabeth and to make sure my uncle living in my home had something to eat. I did not eat. Go back and read the chapters, it is in more detail, but like I said, it needs to be told again.

Rocking on a year later, I had not heard a peep from the man, not a text, no phone call, no nothing. I was reading his blog, so I know he is still alive, but I just figured it was not in the big plan of the universe. I would sit

in my bed and wonder what was wrong with me. Am I ugly? Do I give off a turn off scent like a skunk to people? Is my personality shit?

Poor Michelle, my bestie. There have been nights I'd call her at 11 pm or later just to ask what was wrong with me. In her mind she probably thought "she needs to quit calling me, that is what is wrong with her, getting on my nerves." It really weighed on my mind and heart that something was wrong with me. She was very good at assuring me that it was not me, but still I worried. Hell, I worry now to no end. I try to say I am not worried but you can bet if my eyes are open I got something going on, playing out movies in my head of "what if's" I hope before I go to that great Coven in the sky, that I have a day or two or three or million that I do not worry. I do not know what it would be like to have my worrier broken.

Then, I heard from him. Lunch again? My answer to everything, "Sure, why not." I almost canceled, and Asherah had a fit. Nope I was going. She was making me. The second date, I guess you could call it, or meeting, or lunch, no one got sick, no one went to the emergency pet hospital. I looked in his eyes and I felt tingling all the way down into my toes. I came home. I had diarrhea. I never had diarrhea. I was always constipated. I got constipated again. I started seeing a therapist, to talk about Sloan. I wrote Sloan letters all the time on my LPD writing board and in a diary, and then I erased the LPD and shredded the diary. I was still messed up. I dealt with it. Yeah, right. I didn't call Sloan and tell him what was going on.

My blood sugar was 157. I weighed 150 pounds. My blood pressure was 155/70. I got constipated after I gave myself shots of Ozempic for my metabolic insulin rejection syndrome.

Then, we started eating out more, his idea. It was only going to be a friendship. Ok, if that was all, then why was Asherah on my backside not letting me cancel when I sat in my car downtown Birmingham for 20 minutes many times, several blocks from the restaurant, thinking how I could call him and cancel, "I suddenly got sick".

I would be talking out loud to myself, saying I was going to call beg off and Azera would say "OH NO YOU ARE NOT, YOU ARE GOING, PUT YOUR BIG GIRL PANTIES ON AND GO SISTER."

I went. Then, I could not wait until next time, so I could sit on the street blocks away and debate going, wrestle with myself and Asherah. She won out every time. But deep down, I really wanted to go eat with Sloan. I wanted to tell him to take me to his apartment and his bed. I thought of things we would do in his bed. But I never told him.

Asherah is something else. She will ride me until my skin falls off with “Do this, do that. Don’t do this, do that.” I used to fight her, but I lately figured out to let it go the way it's going. She knows best.

Let me go on, spill more beans. I had notebooks. I mean notebooks, many I’d go through one a week with my nightly writings. Not just with Sloan, but with everyone that was trying to get in my life. I’d take a page, draw a line straight down and on the left side was Pro and on the right side was Con. I would pro and con my heart out and get up the next morning to read it, tear it out of the notebook and shred it. Sometimes I filled up pages with just ‘fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,’ then I stop writing and prayed to go to sleep after about 6 pages back and front of fucks. I had terrible insomnia.

Now I sleep like a baby that has had a dose of Paregoric. I rub Sloan’s back at night in bed and I go into a coma. After we got naked in his bed in his apartment three months ago, I wrote mostly pros in my diary. I have not done any pro and con writings since he moved in two months and two days ago.

The only good thing about the pro and con writings and not sleeping is now I have bags of shredded paper to use in our raised garden beds this spring.

I do not know why I fought being with Sloan so much. Maybe it was fear. Maybe I hate rejection. Hell, I am a big girl. I should have sat down and told him what was going on inside of me. If I got rejected I’d live. I was afraid.

Lol to the retired lawyer, but I guess I was afraid he’d run. Maybe it was I don’t know what, but I am glad I stepped up and went and kept going to dinner with him.

After I told Sloan all of that, and how sick I got during the first lunch and it nearly killed my dog, Sloan laughed his ass off and said, I had told

him what was going on, it would have changed everything for him, he would have known God had arranged it.

I'll be 71 in a few weeks, and I do not have as much time left on earth as I have previously had.

I no longer sit blocks away.

I no longer take Celexia for anxiety.

I cut the Xanax dose to one half two months ago and will come off it in December.

My bowel moves better than it ever did before Sloan moved in.

My blood sugar is 96-97 (normal). I weigh 120 pounds.

I don't get constipated after the Ozempic shots.

After Sloan moved in with me, my blood pressure dropped to 125/70.

I'm damn lucky and damn glad Asherah didn't pick another person to look after instead of me, because I am stubborn and I fought her every inch of the way.

She saved my life many times.

Was I stupid?

Or what?

Is love really blind?

Earlier today, Asherah told me a storm was coming, and my stomach started feeling like a cyclone. I wrote a draft of this chapter and gave it to Sloan to read, and he said it seemed I had left out a few juicy details and what was that about? And the storm was upon us, and he interrogated me for the juicy details, and it was like pulling out my eye teeth, and he started laughing, and he kept laughing, and I got mad, and he laughed and interrogated harder, and out came more eye teeth, and he kept laughing,

and saying this is the storm, and if I had told him what I was really thinking while we had dinner in restaurants, he would have said, ok, on one condition. When I asked what condition? He said when we get to his apartment we get in his shower and wash off all of my makeup so he can see what I was hiding, because there are no fig leaves in Paradise, nor any secrets. I might have ran! No I'd went and washed off the paint. If he did not run when he saw the real me, I would have known it was for keeps.

Fat chance of me getting out of this one



Sloan said yesterday that it had come to his mind to ask me if Asherah had warned me away from marrying my husband Gary, who died in 2022? I was thrown for a loop. I really didn't want to be asked that, or to say I was so stubborn, there was nothing Asherah could have done.

Then Asherah told me that I was GOING to have to write about Gary and me to heal my mind, which, let me explain, I rarely think of Gary, RARELY. DAMN YOU... ASHERAH and You know who also else (Sloan). **I do not want to write this. I FUCKING DO NOT WANT TO PUT THIS DOWN TO READ!** I hate talking about exes and I hate hearing about exes. I rather ate cat shit than write about my former husband.

In 1986, I met Gary at the Post Office where we both worked. Two dates and we decided to marry. I was ok with it. I was 33, never been married, was winding down from my single wild nightlife, I thought what the

hell? I have always believed you did not love someone until you lived with them. That now is no longer the case. I love someone now that I loved before we lived together. Like a year before. Sloan just did not know it yet. I realized my previous beliefs were bullshit. Pure bullshit.

Flash back to 4 months after I met Gary in 1986. Wedding set. Nothing elaborate, average dress I gave to the thrift store later, nothing wedding, no attendants, no anything, but a small reception my new family would provide. Just Gary, me and a few friends.

A week before the wedding, Gary and I had sex, it sucked, I knew I had fucked up. I was like, "Jesus, why? Why did you pair me with someone I am going to not enjoy this part of my life with, what have I done you are punishing me with ?" It was terrible. On the scale of one to ten It did not even make a one. Did I back out? No. I **WAS** the type of person that could not hurt anyone, and to save face and show I was not a failure, I went through with it.

125 showed up at the wedding. I nearly died. Everyone was so happy. I was standing up there thinking I needed to run, but I barely could walk with 125 staring at my back, much less run. I took my vows and took them seriously, after all it was in the presence of God when you made your promises. I have always taken things seriously. I just knew things would change and get better. Oh was I in for a surprise! Not only was the intimate part not good from the beginning, over the years it got worse.

I never faked anything and it was obvious it was only for him. I just wanted to hurry up and get it over with. I had a body pillow between us because of my "bad back." I only had back issues once and it was fixed for good. I even went as far as buying a bed that was split down the middle to solve having to get close at night. Over \$9000.00 It would have been cheaper for me to sleep on the couch. I had my own side of the bed and I stayed on my side. When the dog came she slept in her case in the middle of the bed. I was safe again.

It does not work in my present situation, THANK GOD. I love being tangled up with Sloan, going into coma sleep after rubbing his back. I never did or wanted to do that with Gary. Kissing was a chore to me. I love kissing now. It's not that I hated Gary, I did not. He was good to me in many ways but the real ways I needed to be emotionally cared for was not there. The

material things were present , but not emotional or physical. I'd lived in a tent to be emotionally happy I but it never happened. Until now. I guess it was worth going through 35 years of not having it to see what it is like having it.

I dreaded intimacy then. I stayed mad just about everyday and that was an excuse not to have to do it. You know, who wants to be intimate when you are mad or disgusted or why me? Then, we decided on Tuesday night. Ok, I was angry all week long and dreading Tuesday night. Majority of Tuesday's I got pissed and caused a ruckus so that would go away. I am a gentle easy going person, I was a monster then. I begged off and got more rain checks than Walmart gave out in a year. Sometimes I went ahead and suffered through. Maybe 2 times I enjoyed it. I must have been living in another world in my mind then. You do not know how many times I visualized Johnny Depp, John Travolta, George Clooney to try to get interested. Even Johnny did not work!

For the last 13 years, sex was nonexistent. I was glad. I was relieved. I hated when G's sickness came in 2021, but I sure to God was glad I no longer felt pressure to have sex.

I look back now and realize that I should have maybe done things a lot differently. Then I pondered on if I did do things differently, where would I be today? Would I be with Sloan, or would I be dead, or would I still be bitching, single ruining relationships? Who knows. I do know and believe there is a reason for everything on this planet and maybe I had to go through all those years to get to where I am today in life and relationship with Sloan. I don't have the answer. I just take it as a life lesson.

I told my therapist recently that my husband got my 30's, all but 2 years, he got my 40's and 50's, and all but 2 years of my 60's. I sometimes relate myself to a piece of chewing gum that the good has been chewed out and all is left is the part to discard. 30's 40's 50's 60's was the prime time for a woman to discover everything imaginable on earth intimate wise and I missed out, I fucking missed out. I suffered through when I HAD to, thinking "Lord just come get me." I put on a good face for family and friends but inside I was hurting. There is no way on earth if my deceased husband showed back up, he'd be with me. I even fell asleep during the process. I FELL ASLEEP. I don't even think he noticed.

When I told Sloan that this morning, he said, if I did not write this chapter, Gary would be at my front door ringing my doorbell. I am going to disconnect the doorbell.

Several times I thought about leaving Gary. I was like the mother in the relationship. My God, Gary did not even know what bills to pay, how to fix the cable when it messed up, anything. I was in charge of everything and how could I leave a person stranded? I am serious. It would have been a crime to leave. He was helpless.

When Gary's sickness came, I could see it was not going to be another 10 or 20 years of suffering. I stayed and did what I was supposed to do, to see that he was taken care of till his last breath. I lived in his hospital room for a 1 year period. I am never glad anyone died, but I am glad I am free.

I wish back then I had balls like I have today. Maybe I would be different today and maybe not. Maybe I would not be with Sloan, and I can tell you I would not have liked that part. I truly believe everything has a reason. I will live with that. I got a lot of making up to do for lost years!!

The last of the Gary papers, pictures and items are leaving. I have deleted all but about 3 Gary pictures in my phone, those are going to my nephew because he is in the picture. That life is gone. I RARELY think about it, unless something pops up, like yesterday, and I try to ignore it, and then I have to deal with it.

What Sloan and I gave thanks for on turkey day

From Sloan's website/blog, alabamalawyerbecamystic.com



we ate no turkey

I, Sloan, woke from a dream this Thanksgiving morning, in which my older daughter was trying to get me to plant a vegetable garden differently from the way I wanted to plant it.

I turned in last night thinking I wanted to use the chapter from my witch girlfriend's book about how she met me and what happened to her after that for this Thanksgiving Day post. Over breakfast, I told her that I'd go about it a different way, I would talk about what I'm thankful for today.

I said, first, I'm thankful for the inheritances from my father, without which I most likely would have died homeless and my ashes put into the homeless memorial vault in the Key West cemetery.

I said I'm thankful that my good friend Todd German down Key West way, in whose home I stayed a couple of stretches the second time I was homeless, starting 2015, for chatting up my daughters on Facebook behind my back, which eventually led to them and me reconnecting, on Facebook.

Then came hurricane Irma, and my older daughter insisted I get the hell out of Key West, and her mother said I could come stay in her home in Tuscaloosa, and that's what I did. That and two more visits in her home led to my deciding to move back to Alabama after I ran one more time for Mayor of Key West in 2018, described in the "Grandfossil got flashed back to some Key West of Weird adventures" post at this blog.

While up in Alabama in 2017 and early 2018, I got to visit with my daughters and their families, and I got to know their husbands and their children, which really enriched my life, and I hope it enriched their lives, too. After moving back to Alabama in late 2018, I got to visit my daughters and their families a lot more, and I really liked that and being part of their lives.

I am thankful for the lady physical therapists at Therapy South off Lakeshore Drive in Homewood, for helping my ailing body, especially my pelvis and spine, regenerate somewhat; and I'm thankful for Dr. Kristoffer Johnston at Back On Track Chiropractic clinic in the Financial Center in Birmingham, and massage therapist and Rolfer bodyworker Sam at Vitology Wellness in Homewood, for helping my spine and nearby body parts feel a whole lot better. I'm thankful for several excellent physicians in Birmingham, who did their very best to keep me alive, including radiation

therapy for prostate cancer, which has not returned and my PSA remains at .05. A throat doctor at Kirkland Clinic invented laser technology he uses to remove a benign growth off my left vocal cord, so that I can keep talking, which pleases some people and maybe not other people.

Some people might not believe it, but I have several good friends in Key West and around Helen and Clarkesville, Georgia, where I also spent a lot of time hanging out after I arrived in Key West in late 2000 broke and lived on the street and slept outside at night and didn't know anyone in Key West when I got there.

Thanks to an inheritance from my father in 2005, I got off the street and lived inside until the inheritance ran out in 2015. Before that, because I was writing about my brother Major's death at my blogs in 2010, I met the witch when she emailed me from Alabama about what I was writing about Major. She went by the nickname, Morticia.

Writing about Major also attracted someone else into my life, whom today I refer to as Bob. He now does the tech work for my digitized books at the free internet library, archive.org in America, and the tech work for The Redneck Mystic Lawyer and the Not So Sweet Home Alabama podcasts, viewable on YouTube and Torrent platforms.

Like Morticia, Bob kept reading my blog posts, but unlike Morticia, Bob did not come forward until early 2017, when I was sleeping nights in the Key West police station front lobby, because I was banned for life from the city's homeless shelter, as explained in the "Grandfossil got flashed back to some Key West of Weird adventures" post. Bob said he only contacted me because angels made him so miserable after they told him to contact me and he tried to get out of it.

While we were getting to know each other, Bob reported angels becoming very involved in his life by visiting him in person in his home, in his dreams, in visions, and doing things to him that he wished they had not done to him. Morticia was having some experiences with angels, but she was not telling me about it back then.

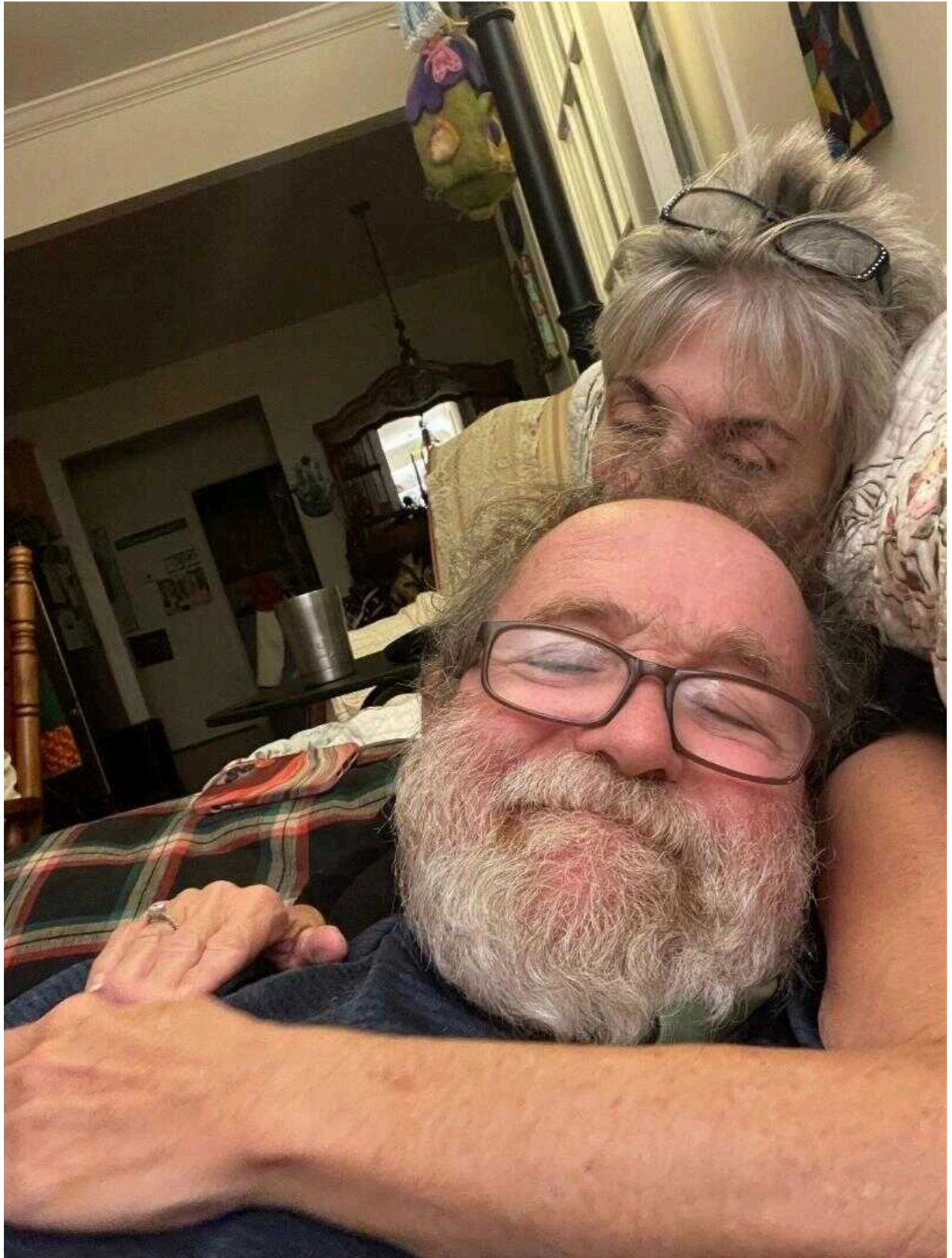
Upon learning of my homeless situation in 2017, my father's estate loaned me money against my next inheritance, and I was able to rent a place to live in the home of friends in Key West. That would turn out to be the end of

my being homeless, for which I was very grateful, because I was worn out and figured I would not remain on this planet much longer. A few years living in Birmingham and playing chess with other old farts I met at a local senior center and oldsters I met at a duplicate bridge club about doubled my list of friends who seemed to like me, too.

I resumed close contact with the one childhood friend who had not written me off, and I resumed friendship with three women I had known when I lived in Birmingham before, and sometimes we went out for dinner. After her husband died in 2022, Morticia instigated us having our first meal together. A year later, she instigated our second meal. Unknown to me, she was very interested in me. About three months ago, we were texting and she wrote something and I asked her if she would like to try to resurrect something from the dead? She dropped a basket of muscadine grapes she had just picked in her neighbor's yard, and she said, yes, and that's how we started becoming better acquainted.

I told Morticia several times before today, and I told her again this morning over breakfast, that all those things I wrote above, for which I am grateful, did not cause me to want to keep waking up in the morning and greeting the day. I was hoping God would take me in my sleep or some other way. But I stopped feeling that way after she dropped the bucket of muscadines.

I figure some of my relatives and friends started praying for Morticia after they learned about her from me. I know some of Morticia's relations were not overjoyed that she "left" them for me, and some of her relations were happy for her. For anyone worried about Morticia being with me, which I certainly understand, given my history, she posted this below on her Facebook the other day, which led to further discussion. I wrote the last comment with her looking over my shoulder.



Morticia

November 26 at 11:03 AM

I just had a physical. Only thing I need to do, eat more protein. My weight in May was 149. It's now 120 to 122. My bp used to be around 140/90, now 126/71. My A1C dropped from 14 to 5. I'd say love cures all.

Suzie

It does!!! But I would say your A1C is down because you lost weight..

Morticia

Suzie I'd say not so. It was extremely high with the weight loss.

Girl it might be since I been with Sloan I poop everyday instead of every three weeks. Lol

I got a dare about bathroom. Lol

Consider this. I was eating a bottle of tums a week telling Michelle Lynch I had to go get endoscopy I think I had terminal. Sloan told me he loved me all that left. I have not had any antacids to date . I was sleeping maybe 4 hours a night for 40 years ,now I am sleeping twice that long.

Q T

Morticia who or what is Sloan?

Morticia

Q T my new man

Sue

Yes, now eat more protein!

Angela

Love is very helpful for our health. All away around. Not just any love. Real love and devotion.

Dan

So glad you're doing great, that's a significant accomplishment re: the A1C! Good on ya! Now have some pie!!!, get the protein later

Morticia

Dan I don't like sweets anymore cuz

Joan

More protein doesn't help. More variety helps you gain weight and stay healthy. I know you eat plenty of vegetables but so many people just eat meat as the bulk of their diet because they think protein in the form of meat is the answer to health. It's variety..... fruits, veggies, legumes, a variety of grains and nuts and seeds along with your meat.

Morticia

Joan Thanks, sister. Actually I was eating like a bird and very little protein and I was trying to get by with vitamin and minerals and other nutritional supplements prescribed by a doctor who kept telling me I need to change the way I eat, by eating more protein, dark green veggies, and leave off the sugar, chocolate junk, soft drinks , dairy and gluten. Of course as always I ignored. So Asherah my spirit guide sent Sloan who turned to know more about nutrition than God it seemed. Since he was COOKING in my house I had to eat what he cooked . I found out I loved to eat all kinds of things I did not think I like to start with. I did not get anymore canned chili from Dollar Store again. I had no idea a man knew how to cook!!!!

Laurie

I'm very happy for you. In addition to Sloan's love, did you make any other changes? My husband loves me, but I still would like to achieve the weight loss and other benefits that you have.

Morticia

Laurie Be careful what you ask?

My doctor once thought I had liver cancer, but a CT scan showed a growth on my liver, which my doctor said was caused by all the diet soda I drank. My doctor said the diet soda was why I had gained so much weight. I quit drinking diet sodas, off came the weight.

My thyroid was low and my insulin was resistant. That fixed, I started doing better. Dr. Sultan and Vitology Wellness in Homewood fixed the thyroid and insulin problem with injections and supplements.. But I had to change my diet. See some of my comments elsewhere in this thread. Generally, I stopped eating processed foods, sugar, caffeine, gluten, dairy, except for yogurt I make at home. When I grocery shop, I get groceries from the God aisles, the outside perimeter: vegetables, fruit and meats. Sloan grows a lot of dark green veggies in my garden beds. He gets absolutely delicious "Chinese broccoli" (gai lan) from Home Town Asian market on Green Springs Avenue in Homewood. The Asian market where the Pearl Restaurant is on Valley Avenue also has gai lan. It's super nutritious and

tasty. Sloan also gets brown rice from one of those two Asian markets. We do not eat white rice. For breakfast, we eat old fashioned rolled oats, dried blueberries and dried cherries, sunflower seeds, coconut chips, walnuts, soaked overnight in tap water run through my water purifier, which removes all chemicals from the tap water. I drink a lot of that water.

Here's the dinner we had last night, which we cooked in my crock pot. Stew lamb butchered at the Mediterranean Grocery on Green Springs Highway, carrots, red potatoes, onion, garlic; red mustard greens from our garden, sauteed in boiling water and ghee (clarified butter); steamed fresh beets, from Publix or the Fresh Market, beets and horseradish made in Poland, which the Mediterranean Grocery carries.

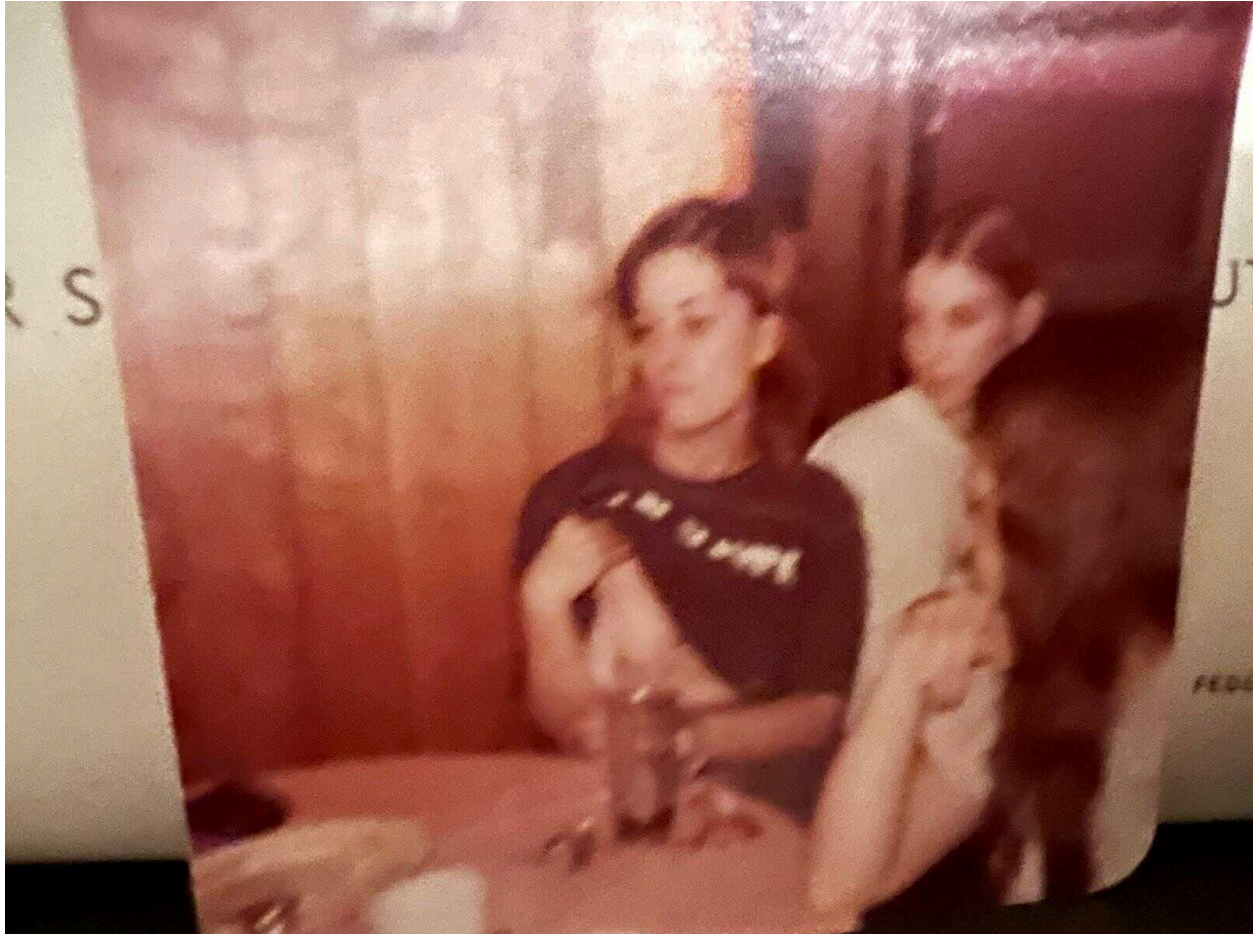
Sloan shops in that market, the Asian market and the Publix on Greensprings Road, and the Fresh Market on Lakeshore Drive off US 31 South, which carries the dried blueberries and cherries, and SO unsweetened organic coconut milk (unsweetened) and coconut flakes. He gets coconut powder at the Mediterranean Grocery, and ghee, and stuffed grape leaves with rice, and tahini (sesame butter), and fresh ground lamb, which makes great lamb burgers and meatloaf. In other parts of the world, coconut meat, flakes or powder is the basic staple in cooking and diet. It is a complete protein. Sloan learned about that when he traveled in the Caribbean and Asia.

We eat beef butchered locally, fish from the Fish Market, shrimp from groceries, and chicken from groceries. Sloan would rather not eat chicken because of all the chemicals injected into chickens and because they carry salmonella, which he has had twice. The Piggly Wiggly stores carry fresh collard greens grown in south Georgia, and packaged collard, mustard and turnip greens grown, cut, washed and packaged in south Georgia. Most greens in Alabama groceries come from Arizona, California and Mexico. By the time those greens are bought in Alabama, they are old and tired, compared to the greens grown in south Georgia. Greens from out west and Mexico sometimes carry pathogens that wreck our G.I. tracts.

We do not eat in fast food restaurants, nor do we eat fast foods. We do not eat junk food. We do not peel our potatoes, their skin contains nutrients. We are not poster elders for the standard American diet. Sloan is the only person I may ever know who read Dr. Weston Price's book, Nutrition and Physical Degeneration, Price-Pottinger Foundation. Dr. Price was a dentist, who got a lot of not nice reaction to that book from the Standard American Diet industrial-medical complex. Did you know caffeine causes an adrenal release, which causes the pancreas to release insulin, which can cause hypoglycemia and even diabetes?

We do not eat cakes, pies, etc. We do not drink soft drinks. We do not drink alcohol. We do not smoke anything.
We ain't eating no turkey today. Lamb stew leftovers, gai lan, beets and horseradish.

Mixed Emotions



I was clearing and organizing the indoor safety room today and ran across a picture when I was 19. I am now 70 and soon to be 71. Unbelievable. It was not a pleasant clean out, because I found a lot of old memories I did not want to see again and papers of info that I wanted to turn it off forever in my head never to be thought about again. I however found what I needed and disposed of things I did not.

The somewhat nude pic I found, I could not decide if I wanted to shred it or keep it or show it. I showed it to Sloan, who I am in paradise mating with, (I learned about that today, somewhat the meaning and had a somewhat idea of what it was, and I like it), and he told me NOT to shred it. So I kept it. I even ventured out and gave it to him. I put it in his top drawer so when he opens it he will be surprised. Well not now he is going to edit this chapter so he will be prepared for the view, Now, that was bold of me. He can now see his trophy GF. I am so laughing at that sentence. 50 years ago I might have been close to a trophy then, but today with age, things or shit happens, bags or sags, or even disappears, I'd say this trophy rusted. I still try, however!

I grew up in the country, and I am still country, and an uptight heifer as we say. I am still recovering from being naked as a picked bird in his apartment during the daytime 80 something days ago. I would do it again. I would. I was always afraid to do a lot of things in my younger years and even my adult years. I am going to pick one thing and do it each week until I get used to being free. HOWEVER I can not to this day stand to have someone say, "I dare you." Unless it is something dangerous or horrible, I'll do it. Well MOST of the time.

My mother and my sister Karen and Lu, who worked at the Federal Reserve Bank with me, whose daddy was a preacher, and she was as wild as the March hare are, were at our kitchen table laughing and carrying on. Mother got the camera out and they all three said, "We dare you to show your tits." The devil took over. I am a Capricorn and we have some devious makeup in our lives. I showed mine that day. I just pulled up my shirt with my poker face on and bared the young flesh for all to see! To this day I carry that poker face.

I miss Lu. We always had a blast. She almost made me jump up and shout "glory hallelujah" in church one time. Her father was the Methodist Minister in Midfield, and we'd go to church on Sunday to repent from being dog drunk Saturday night, could not hold our heads up drunk and that was pretty bad, plus I really do not like alcohol. But it was just the thing to do. I had my own apartment and she slept over each weekend, because she lived with her parents and there was no way we could go stumbling drunk at 2 am at the Reverend's parsonage.

We got up from my apartment and made it to church. We did not have a choice. Well this particular Sunday I did not see Lu slip something into the hymnal and Reverend W. asked us to pick up the hymnal and turn to a certain page. She already knew the page and when I opened the hymnal there was a Playgirl naked guy hung like a horse facing me! I got so tickled after the initial shock but I did turn the picture around looking at the treasure at all angles, I do not even remember the sermon. That day I learned not all were the same size! It was all I could do to keep from laughing out loud. Lu was holding in a laugh so hard that her face was red.

Oh I miss her. She passed away in the 1980's and the world lost some of its laughter. We were always into some trouble together. She was way more wild than I could even imagine me being.

Oh, I could not show both tits. That would be a sin! Do you think this post should be called "Tit for Tat, or Two Out of Three Ain't Bad?" After thinking about it today it was not so bad and I might feel led to show them again later on tonight! I'll keep ya posted! One can hope.

It's been a whirlwind, but I didn't end up in Kansas- yet



I go to therapy to talk about things. It started out of anxiety over a year ago or so, I said, but really I went because I had feelings for Sloan I could not squash or understand because that was not like me at all and I needed to work out how I was going to approach those feelings. He did not have a clue what I was sending his way via my mind. I did not have a clue why I was doing it. I was not even thinking about being with anyone. Until him, I got a spell cast and not by myself either doing the spell. I am not a witch! I cackle at that.

I did not understand, because we did not spend a lot of time together even on the phone. If he called to ask me to go to dinner, it was a 2 second

call! Actually at therapy I was trying to convince myself I only wanted a "friend." Someone to go to dinner with, maybe the movies and I would have suggested I would have paid for my own food, paid sometimes for both of ours maybe every other time. He just would not say yes on that, against his principles. I was never comfortable with him paying all the time. That is just me. I just enjoyed being in the company of him ,not only is he extremely handsome,just my type from head to toe, he and I have a lot of things in common with spiritual angels and other things so it was refreshing to have someone that was like minded, someone that did not think I was totally batshit crazy and he's very intelligent that's a plus!

Well maybe now Sloan does think I am totally bathshit crazy, and maybe I am. Who the hell knows. As you know if you read this far, things progressed and we are together and I go now to therapy for what if's. I need to learn to let Sloan be my therapy, but I do not want to load him down and stress him out. It is very sad that I can not be comfortable and always think what if. I am working on that. This is my last rodeo. I am in it for the long haul forever.

What did Sloan say yesterday, Paradise Mating? Well I will tell you that it is not all peaches and cream. There are some very hard tests. I am learning.I think I have passed some and I know I fucked up some, I am trying so hard to be perfect in this relationship that I fuck up things. I am a protector. I will not tell you some things to protect. However, if something happens, there goes those what if's again. I am not giving my heart to anyone else. There won't be any left. For 70 years my heart has been chiseled away, bit by bit, until there is just enough left for us. I am guarding it very carefully. Sloan is a Libra and I am a Capricorn. It is a work in progress for those two signs. I will NOT give up!

I got a reality check this week at Publix. Wednesday after therapy I stopped by to pick up a few things for us. As I was walking in the door there was a camera above with a screen. I looked up and thought "there is an elderly woman behind me, I need to turn and give her my buggy. I do that sometimes. If someone is behind me I pull out a buggy to give to them and then get mine. I just try to spread kindness everywhere I go. I turned and realized no one was there. All that white hair glowing and the elderly lady on the camera was me! I got a reality check. I thought about it the entire time I was in the store. It's a wonder I even found things on my list. I finally got in line to pay and when it was time for me to go out the guy said

“Ma’am do you need assistance to take these to the car?” There was another reality check. I said no and thanked him, wished the cashier and the young man a happy Thanksgiving and went on my merry way.

When I got to the car, I saw my reflection in the driver's side of the window. Fuck. An old woman was looking back at me, or mature! When did this happen? Another reality check. All I gotta do is go to the bathroom, look in the mirror, and get a reality check. Wrinkles from head to toe. They did not appear till I was 70. I am extremely embarrassed by it. If I had known that I would have not had that birthday! They just appeared on me all of a sudden like chicken pox when I was a kid. One minute I was at Granny’s playing jacks, then I turned around and I was red splotches all over the place. They came on that fast. Wrinkles came on that fast.

Last evening, we talked about us being given a second chance and love and happiness. I think we are never too old for chances like that. It will keep us alive and secure. We can protect each other, enjoy each other and the things we both like and are learning. I have always been starved for knowledge. I am getting it a different way now.

Thursday was Thanksgiving, we stayed home and I think back on all the Thanksgivings I can remember in my entire life on earth and I believe this was the best one I have ever experienced. Christmas is coming up, and I do not like Christmas and neither does Sloan and that makes me so happy. I know, I know that sounds crazy. Nothing is more stressful to me than a wrapped present with me putting a “Oh I just love this” lying face on, thinking who will be getting it later on for a birthday or next Christmas, or I have even taken items to the thrift store later on. I am not a scrooge, I just do not care for it.

I detest, because HATE is such a harsh word, but I detest family gatherings. I actually hate them. The whole time I am sitting there listening to bullshit that I could not give two rips about, I am thinking I wish the floor would open up suck them in so I could go home. I never liked Christmas as a child. It was so fake. You discipline your child for lying then, you turn around and lie to them about Santa who reminds me of a big fat pervert wanting you to sit on his lap to get his jollies on.

It is a very stressful time and people really do not think about the real reason we celebrate. I hope we have a really quiet time here again,

Christmas day with a good meal, watch TV or work on our blog posts, or do whatever we feel like. Maybe I can even get a Bridge lesson that day. I might unplug the phone, turn off the computer and take a nap after I scratch and rub someone's back! Nap sounds fine to me.

Christmas is my birthday and I always buy myself something. I will be shopping at Bass Pro for something I have wanted for a very long time. If they do not have it then, I'll wait until it comes in. I do not want to say what it is here, but you can imagine. It's in the G department. I want to do it myself, as I have for a very long time. Maybe 50 years.

Yesterday I had to look for some papers for some land that my husband Gary owed 50/50 with his brother. He left me everything including the land in his will. I have to go to my attorney this week to see what can be done to get it my name along with two cemetery plots. I do not need the plots but it needs to be in my name along with the land so down the road no fighting in court. I really do not think it would come to that but one never knows.

I got more reality checks yesterday. I saw letters, notes, cards, pictures, and it made me realize I never was very happy with my previous life. I just learned to deal. Pretend, saved face. It however did bring up ghosts and I did not like that. I am the kind of person I do not want to hear about an ex, nor I do not want to talk about one that I had. I hold things inside instead of letting them out and heal.

In going through the papers and things, I found a box full of documents of a family member that had been in trouble with the authorities and was in several mental facilities over a period of years. His mother was living with me dying a very horrible death while I had a husband dying a very horrible death. I had two at one time, and unless it was by the protection of God and the Angels, I do not know how I am here today. I was kept for a purpose. I was in pure hell. PURE HELL. I am a strong woman because I came through the whole ordeal without a burn or scratch. I don't know how I did it. I know I myself did not do it alone, it had to be a higher power protecting me.

Well as soon as it was diagnosed this relative's mother had terminal cancer, he took off and left me to deal with it. Actually, neither one of her boys wanted to deal with it. The good one she asked to come home for a

week to stay with her so she could go to her home, which was really a house I owned but she lived there and stayed a week to give me a break. "You are better off with Chris, plus I can not give you a bath." No show.

Never mind, I had hired a full time caregiver who has turned into a wonderful friend like a daughter, and she would be doing the bathing. That is ok. I got through it. She screamed day and night and cried her heart out in pain. I had two screaming and carrying on 24/7 here at home at the same time. I rarely got sleep and staggered around like a drunk from anxiety and no sleep. That could be a reason I wrinkled from the stress.

To make a really long story short, this asshole when his mother died got on Facebook and Youtube and stated I finally killed his mother. I did not. He was mad because she decided not to give him any money when she died. She has spent THOUSANDS and a lot of it was my money to start with on him bailing a 60 year plus man child out of trouble. She was broken down in all kinds of ways. I think the cancer was a relief to her. No more dealing with him. I did everything in my power to get the cancer gone, but it was a rare type that did not respond to treatment, so I made the time she had left on earth as comfortable as I could. I did not kill her. I tried to save her, get her healed.

Seeing those papers brought back bullshit he spewed from his mouth, and then other papers I saw made me think of how I wasted 35 years of my life with Gary, and it just really pissed me off, plus I was sad that I was so stupid. It was very sad that here I am about to be 71 in the last quarter, as I say of the football game of life, and I never really been happy until now. AND HERE COME THE WHAT IF'S. I have to stop. I need to have peace in my last quarter. I truly hope my life goes overtime! Seven or eight overtimes would be ok by me.

Sloan gets vexed with me because I do not share everything with him. He feels like I am holding back secrets or things that are important to our relationship. It is not that I am doing that, I just do not want to bog him down with any bullshit, unnecessary bullshit. But it is important, so I will be spilling everything from now on, and I hope he is spilling to me, and no secrets. What is it he says? In a relationship, there can be no secrets. No fig leaves in paradise. I am trying.

I fluffed this morning in bed (gas), fart is such an ugly word, like pussy. I think that broke the ice of the relationship! I always in the past went into another room to do that, but hey WHAT THE HELL? No fig leaves in paradise.

Before the sandman came tonight, I confessed to Sloan that, yes, I am a witch, but I'm a good witch, and I hope I don't go to hell for it. Sloan said God doesn't care if I am a witch, God only cares about how people live, and if I wasn't a witch, how could I have weaved that spell around his heart over my heart? Now maybe I can throw away the napkin with Sloan's saliva on it that I bought home from dinner with him at the Fish Market in Birmingham, the first night we went out to dinner and I insisted on paying, and it was the last time he let me pay.

Quilt Pirates in Spider Woman's UFO Web



How long is too long for an unfinished (UFO) project? That is what we call our projects we have not completed.

Several years ago I belonged to Blount Co. AL quilt guild. We had a class for one month making this beautiful scrappy quilt. I made one I absolutely fell in love with. Made the top, brought it home and eventually quilted it on my Tin Lizzie Long Arm machine. Are there mistakes? Yep? Do I still have that machine? Nope. I replaced it with a Bernina Q20 sit down. I am learning how to work the Bernina. I really think I am going to like it.

I usually take the whole month off of December. Take my machine or machines in to get it serviced and clean up and organize my sewing area or do nothing. My choice. December is my month. Well things have changed. Yes I took my embroidery machine in to be serviced and was hoping it would take the whole month to service. It came back in a few days. Is that not just something? Had I wanted it in a hurry it would have been gone months!

I have been cleaning and organizing my sewing area and the office I have in one of the rooms in my genealogy office. I found a UFO that just needed binding. Yesterday I trimmed up the quilt and started putting the binding on. Broke three needles. I go months, maybe even years and not break a needle. Broke three! What a record set. Yes I change them out quite a bit while I am working on projects. But I changed three in a matter of 30 minutes yesterday. I stopped doing the binding and watched TV. This morning I got up, went into the sewing studio area and finished the quilt. I love it. It was taken from me. It was announced by Sloan that this was HIS quilt.. I asked him at dinner tonight if he was going to confiscate all my quilts."Yep." Well I guess that is ok. Quilt pirate. I'll keep on making them so he can keep on having them for his very own. He is a character. We love him and he's a keeper!

I did take a nap under it today while he was gone to a luncheon. I knew better than to get in his recliner, lean back and get under the quilt. I blacked out. Well passed out asleep. I slept so hard when I woke up I had to think where I was.

Miss Taylor, as he calls her, must love the quilt and him also from her reaction in the photo I am trying to get to load here. I definitely know she loves him. She will walk right past me holding my arms out to get her to get

to him. Traitor! Elizabeth Taylor has her very own scrappy quilt in her Princess bed that Betty Faith and Michelle gave to her this year for her birthday. She did nap with me in the recliner, under the quilt so I guess it passed her inspection.

I did not sew for maybe five years. I was caregiving. Those days are over and I have a lot of catching up to do. I love being in my own little area hearing the needle on the machine click away as I think about the fabric I am using. I have tons of fabric. I rarely have to get any unless it is a special piece for a project. I am really excited to see what I come up with in the future. Projects are already churning away in my head.

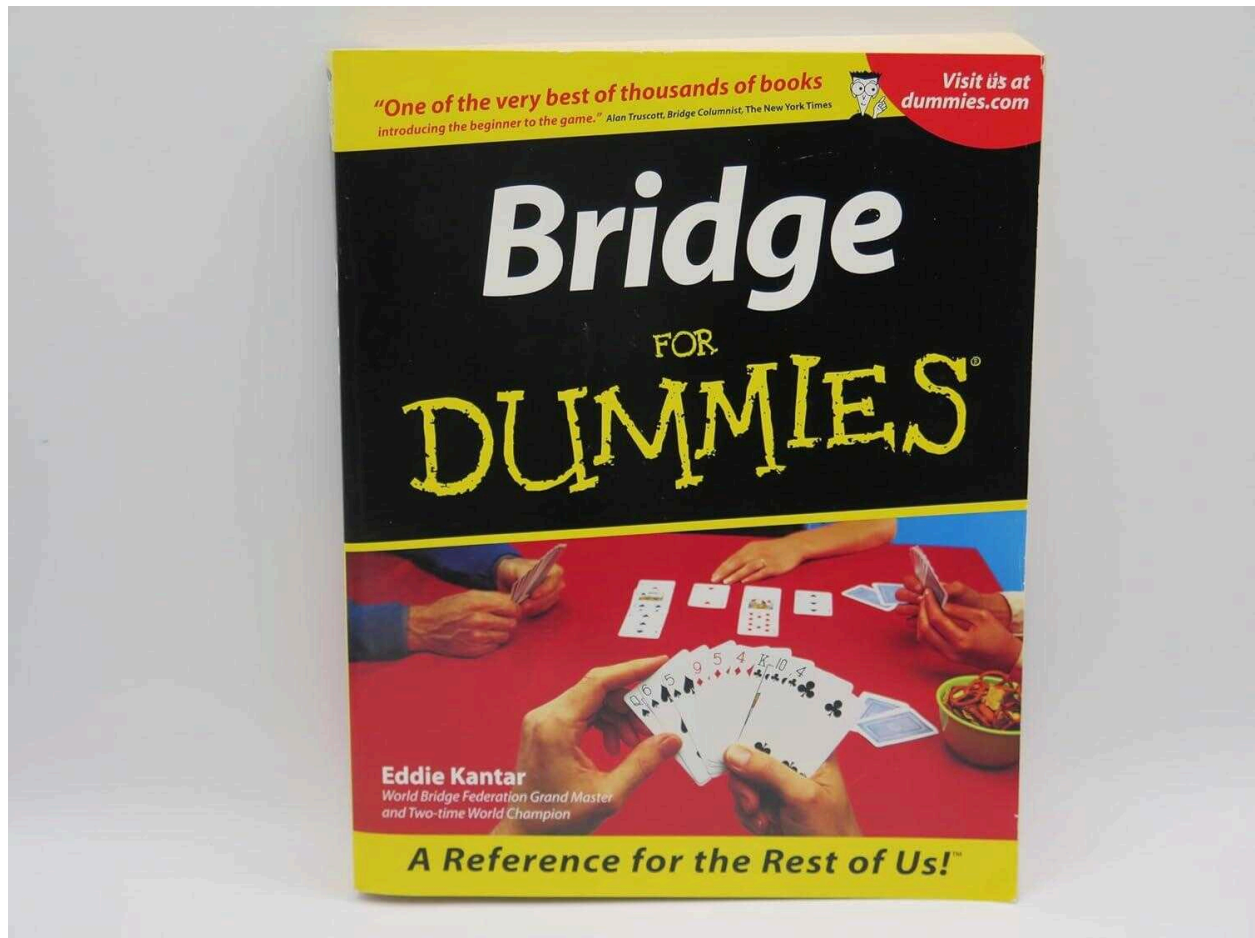
I was telling Sloan this quilt was scrappy and I used scraps from different things that I liked to recycle. He said I recycled him from the junkyard to life. This man has a way with words. I never had a man tell me I saved him from wanting to die. I love the way he tells me things that I do. It is very important to me. I know I am doing what I am supposed to do.

As far as the fabrics I choose to use, Sloan said my patchwork quilting and needling touch the fabric of the Universe- like plucking one strand of Spider Woman's Web is felt by the rest of her Web, this witch weaves patchwork spells for God in her sewing room.

I did not tell Sloan I fondle fabric like we are lovers. Some things are better left unsaid. Sloan said in olden times, Sufi women wove beautiful rugs for God, it was a spiritual ritual for them and when they were finishing weaving a rug they intentionally made a mistake, because only God is perfect. I told Sloan that I always make a mistake in quilts I do, because only God is perfect and I did not want the devil to get me. I learned that from the Amish women. Sloan said "Goddamnit, I can't believe you are already doing that."

Then Sloan said, "Well what should I expect from a woman born two months early on Christmas Day and she remembered every day of the two months that she was in the hospital preemie ward!"

Bridge Club leap off a cliff



Sloan asked me last week if I would go to the bridge club Christmas Party where he plays that ancient somewhat esoteric card game. He said it meant a lot to him if I went.

Of course I would go, how could I not go, even though I am not a fan of Christmas or any holiday, gatherings, parties, but I am a fan of his.

Sloan almost flipped my witch switch when he announced he was taking the quilt he pirated from me, with us.

All the one hour drive down there I was churning up inside my body. Lord come get me. I do not like any social gatherings period. I feel inferior to everyone. Always have and probably always will feel that way.

When we turned off Valleydale Road to go to the club, Sloan said we should give the quilt to Mark. The day before at the club, Mark had given Sloan a lapel pin with the American and Israel flags, and Sloan gave it back and told Mark that he and the witch don't like America or Israel.

I was so nervous and almost in a panic attack. I just wanted to run. You see, I do not do well in public gatherings. I dropped out of college because it was required that I speak in public. I have missed out so much in my life because of the way I am.

I told Sloan the quilt was not my best work. I started it years ago when I was a novice and finished it last week. A UFO it was. Unfinished Object in the quilting world. Not that I really cared if he gave it to Mark. I just did not want to make a big deal out of it, and all eyes on me again.

I begged Sloan to leave the quilt in the car. He walked into the club wearing the quilt, looking like one of the three kings that showed up at the manger. He announced the witch had stitched spells and protective powers into the quilt, and he was going to give it to Mark, who needed it. All eyes on me, maybe 100 people, I was not invisible, I nearly died.

I happen to like Mark, who loves to aggravate Sloan by using me, and Sloan loves to aggravate him, but they really like each other.

I met and talked with some new people and some people I had met previously. They really liked the quilt. They all were very kind and I did feel welcome and glad I went.

Mark was not there yet. He was not there when they started playing.

I sat mostly by Sloan and watched him play his hand. I am trying to learn how to play and watching Sloan gave me some idea of some parts of the game.

I then moved to Sloan's playing partner's side and enjoyed watching her play. I really liked Mona. I am glad she and Sloan are sometimes

partners. This game these people play, they are hellbent to be the best, ruthless as I say.

Sloan said Mona used to play in national bridge tournaments and she held her own against the best bridge players in America. She put up with him, and I should watch her play her hands. She never arranged her cards, so her opponents could not try to figure out what was in her hand.

A woman player asked me if I was learning the game? I said I was thinking about it. She said the club offers bridge lessons again in January, she hoped I would attend.

I have never been involved in anything other than Rummy and only played it with one other person, so it was not as serious as this game is. I studied the faces of people at the other tables. It was a learning experience. I am a big people watcher and learn a lot from them by their facial expressions.

I am not sure if my old brain will allow me to learn bridge. Some of these people have been playing for 60 or more years. Sloan is 82, he started playing when he was 14.

Several women players asked me about the quilt and quilting, and Sloan told them to check out www.welovequiltig.blog, where I show some of my quilts and other fabric art, and tell interesting stories about it.

Mark showed up before we quit playing. There was a lunch and an afternoon game, for which Sloan and I were not staying.

Mark grabbed a spare chair and dragged it to where I sat and he sat down beside me and started bantering with me and trying to work Sloan up.

Sloan handed Mark the blanket and told him I had stitched in special witch spells and protection, which he needed. Mark looked like a spooked deer. He said he didn't understand. I told him that Sloan wanted him to have the quilt. Mark said okay, picked up the quilt and carried it outside the room where we were playing.

I got onto Sloan during the drive home about throwing me to the wolves. He laughed, said, that was the only way to do it, I would never

have jumped in on my own. He said a lot of the bridge players really liked me, more than they like him. Some of them said as much.

Sloan said I didn't die, it went great, and it was great fun with Mark, right? I had to agree. But he couldn't keep tossing me into the ocean and he kept laughing, and saying, it's the only way for the real me to come alive.

Being with Sloan has caused me to feel like I have been picked up in a paper bag, shaken and rolled back out. So far it has not killed me! YET! However, by saying that, I would not change any situation I am in today. It is the best of my life ever!

One of the women players asked me if I got to approve what Sloan wrote about me on his blog. I said Sloan is his own person and he writes what he wants to write, but he shows it to me before he publishes it, and I tell him okay. She said she likes what he writes.

This morning, Sloan received this email from Mona:

Hi Sloan,
It was a pleasure to meet your new lady. (Kris or Chris). She is delightful. Tell her how much I enjoyed meeting her and chatting with her. I am so happy for you that you have found someone to look after you. You are a lucky man.
Can you play Friday the 20th? Let me know.

Sloan's email back to Mona:

Yes, for Friday 20, the witch (Christianna -Chris) says she likes and really enjoyed chatting with you, too.

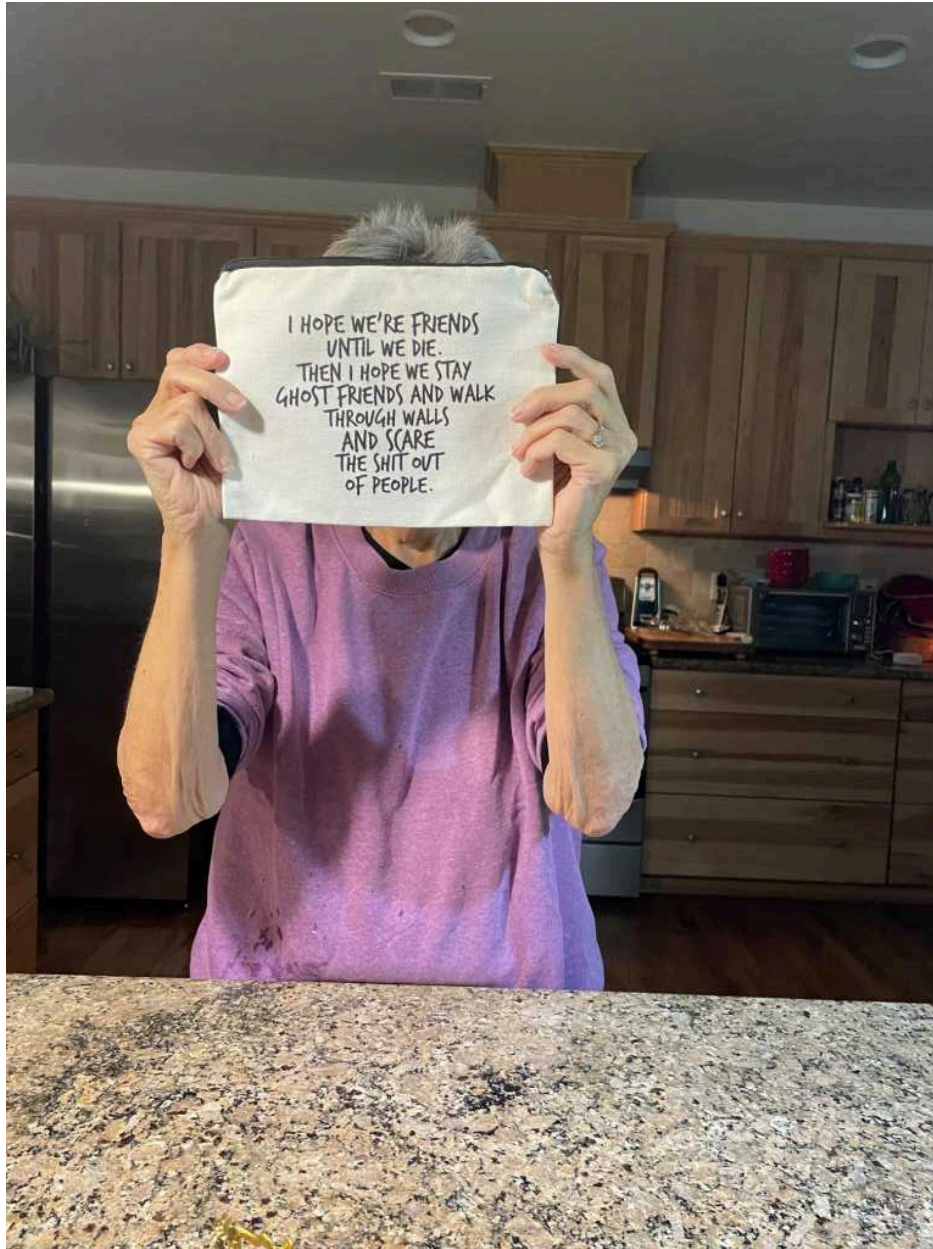
Sloan told me at the bridge club yesterday that Mona is a huge Auburn fan, and he told Mona I am an Auburn fan. She had a huge orange and blue purse.

This morning, Sloan said I should give Mona the old worn Auburn quilt a friend of mine made years ago and gave to me. I pitched a fit because it is old and worn, and I will make Mona a new Auburn quilt. Sloan said Mona is as old as he is, and she might not live as long as it will take me to make a new quilt, and to give her the Auburn quilt, she will love it.

Then, I remembered an Auburn quilt I had merely finished, before putting it aside a few years ago. A much better quilt, and not just because I did it. I should be able to finish it in time for Sloan to take it to the Bridge club this coming Friday.



Two Blind Hogs Hunting Acorns



HERE I GO AGAIN WITH THE LOVE STORY. I guess it has hit me so hard that I have to tell it over and over.

Well Hell, as I say, I may as well go spill my entire guts as we say in the South. No one was hurt during this spell casting. I find that hilarious, because I did NOT spell cast, well this time, I did not! We witches know we have to be as careful as anyone else as to what you ask for. You may get something you do not want. Something you can not get rid of. Reversing spells is just about as difficult as casting. My casting has been put on hold until further notice! I am also not doing any reversing. The ones that have been cast need to stick and stay in stuck position,

I had it bad. Really bad and I still do. I was telling Sloan this morning that Asherah, my spirit lady, kept me from so much other going on so I could be right where I need to be, with the person I need to be sharing life with and I hope he is right where he wants to be and needs to be. Together here in our home in the woods as he calls it, the witches' sacred hide-a-way, or sometimes referred to as Redneck Heaven. Call it what you want, I am going to work to make it even better!

Oh, did I ever have a bad case of the terminal disease. I, on one hand, wish I had texted him or called him and told him how I felt, and maybe we'd be having more time here than just three months in a week or so, but on the other hand, no. All in due timing. He explained to me that I should have let him know. I could not. Southern ladies do not do that, we do not make the first move, Oh well I do not anyway. Some of you may but not me. See now he is going to find all this out and look at me with a hawk eye. What's she up to next? Is this woman really nuts, or does she just come across nuts?!

I had this wipe away board for kids, yes for kids, I bought my bestie Michelle's grandchildren each one and I got me one. It is an LCD Writing board, called Little Painter. You write on it, push a button and it erases. If it ever comes to life and spills my secrets, I am in big trouble. Well maybe not. I had SLOAN, SLOAN, SLOAN all over it with hearts and stick figures holding hands. Then I'd look at it say my favorite "FUCK" word, erase it and go back at it again. I was suffering. The bug had bitten me badly and there is no antidote to cure it. Well actually this is one thing but I do not want a cure for this. Do not come bringing any cures my way. I DO NOT WANT IT! I never acted this way or felt this way in my life. It was like something had taken over my body and mind. I was like a hormonal teenager.

For MONTHS I barely slept. I still do not know how I functioned. Drove, went to doctors, grocery stores on very little sleep. I'd be awake until 2 or 3 am, thinking, pondering, figuring out if it was because I was by myself or what? Nope, I had others interested in me, and I kept pushing them back. I held them on a long leash. Nothing wrong with them, I just was being told to wait and see what I really wanted and if it was to be, it would come to pass. I am glad I did.

Sloan is so handsome and just the type I like, rugged. Beard and all. That is a prerequisite, if you are going to be in my life, you have to have a beard. I love a beard. I like it even when he does not comb his hair!!! He can be a bit grumpy, but that is his nature and I am a bit mouthy telling things over and over until it leaves my system. That has always been me. I am trying to be better.

This month I will be 71. I feel like I am 12 with my first crush and that is for real. I never experienced this before in my entire life and maybe that is why I did not realize what had bitten me, not some terminal stomach issue I swore to Michelle I had to go see about. Besides Sloan being handsome, he is a good man. Sometimes he gets grumpy when my dumb ass does something that messes up his computer or other things stupid. But I can let one thing slide, can I not?

There is no cure for what I have, unless death, and I do not think that even would erase it. Before Sloan moved in I'd be in bed awake until say around 3 am, get up, stumble, fix my uncle his breakfast, feed Elizabeth Taylor, go on the sun porch and take a nap so I could function all day. Some days I napped all day long. I do not do that anymore. Well I did today for about 1 hour while he was gone. The quilt and his recliner were calling my name.

Then in the afternoon I'd nap for a couple of hours and even before I went to bed I'd nap again. Now I sleep most of the night all night long in a deep sleep. I'd make up these movies in my head as to what I would say to him if the opportunity ever arose. I would be on the lawn mower which is a 4 or 5 hour job cutting grass, thinking about him and what to say and what song to send his way in my mind, and it would seem like 30 minutes of cutting. It would go so fast.

I **never** used my powers to spell him. Oh I might have given it a thought, but that would be wrong. He had to come to me on his own terms. However, I think he spelled me. He did not have a clue I was interested, but I guess Asherah spelled him to spell me. It worked. Non-stop thinking. If I was awake, which I was a lot, he was always on my mind.

I really think back that it has been a long time since I knew what true feelings of love and caring about someone were that I just overlooked it. I wish I had been brave and put my big girl panties on and spilled everything

to him. But you never know what to do in these cases. I guess it is good I waited and let things happen when it is the right time.

Well, today was a rough day. I contacted my therapist, which Sloan is basically the reason I went to in the first place to sort out my feelings of what I did not understand and then I had some Mommy, Daddy and other family member issues, other people issues, but the main reason is right here in the same home tonight as I am. I just did not know what was going on. Can I really be that dense?

I rarely cry. I cried when I texted David about getting my insurance straightened out and I was going to take a break. I figured I will go back in a month or so. Maybe not as much as I had gone last year and this year, but I need someone to talk to. I can get on your last nerve going over and over about the same thing until I get it out of my system.

Insurance was paying for David to listen to me, and I will say and I mean this with all my heart, he really helped me. It's not a shame to go to therapy. It is a stigma that only mentally ill people go. No they do not. I am not mentally ill, well maybe some think I may be, but I am not. I had to work things out, figure out what was going on in my life and heart and work it out. I learned a lot and I would do it all over again. I needed therapy. I probably still do, but not as much as I did. I will know when it is time to go back or IF it is time to go back.

That conversation with David made me cry, and I am so ashamed. NOW, while I was crying, Sloan was laughing like a hyena. Not making fun, but he had told me that there would come a time when I'd cry, and I insisted I don't cry-ever. Well it was today, and I do not want to cry again. I am worn out.

I may need to go to therapy and talk to David about me not coming to therapy with him and how to handle that. I am serious. It was like a death or a bad breakup. He has been so good to me helping me figure out life's way and the path to jump on and go for the end. I am grateful to him. Here are our break up texts.

Chris

I texted you on the other line accidentally. I got another BC EOB for 11/27 the office is not sending Medicare my bill. They won't pay but

they have to reject it then Medicare will send it to Blue Cross. I think what this is really about is I need to take a break from therapy. Please get my insurance straight and if you can't I'll pay you. I don't know what I would have done without you. It is making me cry. I don't cry. You helped me see the world in a new way. Sloan's laughing because I assured him I don't cry. He said I'll cry a lot, as I go through these changes, and that's a good thing and no way I am going to cry and here I am crying again. I suppose this is the next chapter of my book, A Redneck Witch's Tales From The Crypt.

David

So you are going to take a break? Ok. How will I know when Mercury is in Retrograde?

So we think we have the problem figured out. There is a box on one of the forms that we had to submit that was not filled out. That has been corrected and everything resubmitted so it should be good. I will keep you posted.

And I am glad this has helped you. Let me know if I can help you in the future. I wish you all the best. You deserve a wonderful life.

Chris

I'll get back with you. But I am not coming this month. Now I am crying again. Makes me a weak person. Sloan says weak people can't cry. Sloan wants to take us to lunch. He really wants to meet you and get to know you. Think on it.

David

Ok, Actually, it takes someone strong to demonstrate vulnerability. But that can be for another time. I appreciate the offer for lunch but I cannot do that as that would constitute a dual relationship which I can not engage in with any of my patients past or present.

I cried again. Not much, but some. I was so ashamed that I let my guard down and shed tears. I am wiped out.

Just yesterday I was thinking I was running out of stories and today one popped up. Maybe I should write daily about what is going on and let this be my book of stories and journal of sorts. Some days I am not in the

mood to sign my name, much less write a chapter. I may have a million chapters by the time this book is finished and read AFTER my death! This was the hardest chapter of the book to write. I still am not sure if I am pleased or finished with it.

"Life becomes more meaningful when you stop and realize you do not get the same moment twice." unknown author.

Dear Diary, 2024 in review



Looking back to this time last year, New Year's Eve 2023, I did not have a clue what direction I was going to be moving toward. I had been alone in a sense for two years, well actually more than two years while death was looming in the home, with two people at the same time. I had all of the decisions and problems to solve on my own for more than I wanted to, even before the final part, I had the making of all decisions for years, whether it was right or wrong it was on me. I was truly alone and it was scary to me, that here I am 70 years old facing the entire world by myself but I am a strong independent woman and I was determined, I was going to be a fighter and live life to the fullest and face head on what came to pass. However I had some directions and paths of life I wanted to venture off in but the person I wanted to venture with did not have a clue, well just not yet.

I texted my cousin every morning that lives in Arizona and said “up” and every evening “going to bed”. I often wondered what I thought he could do living days away. I just felt like someone needed to know I was ok and I wanted them to know if something had happened to me if I did not text. I am not ready for one of those “help buttons.” I am still in excellent health and I am a very independent person and I have never really relied on anyone but myself. I have made it just fine, well so far, but then again sometimes I am told I do not know how to do this or that and I wonder how I made it this long!

Was I happy? No, but I did it, I survived. I cannot say I was totally miserable and unhappy, but I was missing something very important in my life, who was sitting playing chess online, watching Netflix 30 miles from here in an apartment and sometimes taking others to dinner making my blood boil. I would sit and sew and look out the window toward what I thought was the area the apartment was in and talk to him through the trees. He said it was spelling, casting a spell. I plead the 5th.

I was always prepared in every circumstance that came my way. I was like a prepper for myself. By that I mean I learned how to make my own way through life and not have to depend on anyone for anything. Face my own issues. If I did not know how to do something I had enough sense to find out how to by asking or figuring out. It was now weird being able to go and do what you pleased without having to notify anyone of your intentions. I kept a notebook by the bed with my daily writings, of what to do or thoughts or things I was facing. Doodling about him in his apartment and cussing was a big part of those pages also, then shredding. I wrote a lot of messages to a man that was on my mind.

I tried to decide to move and talk myself into moving. I would sell everything except my genealogy and jewelry, I would not need much clothing. I stay in Pjs and gowns most of the time, shorts in the summer, and during the winter, tights and t-shirts. I could get clothes on the road. Sewing would end. I could not sew in a motorhome. Well I could have kept one machine, bought the fabric for the project and when that was finished go on to the next project, but I really did not want to do that. I can do that at home.

I even went as far as looking at driveable motorhomes in Oxford, so I could live in a different state each month or every few months. Then I got to

thinking about insurance, high gas prices, and a woman my age on the road by herself with just her poodle and that idea went out the window. I am really not a people person so what was I going to do, drive to a destination, park the motorhome which was like a van and hide from others at the park. I could sit here at home and be alone and save all that gas, vehicle purchase and insurance money, and be safe and in hiding here at home for free. What fun would it be to be on the road alone? None. I always said it was like winning a million dollars at the casino. If no one was there to watch you win, it would be, "Oh well, I just won, whatever." I would watch a show on TV and look at houses online for sale in the area that the show was based on.

I found nothing I liked. I thought about moving a lot. I was determined to find my happiness somewhere, just not sure how exactly I was going to make it come to pass. You can not run from life and find your happiness. Regardless where I went it would have not been what I truly wanted. I knew what I wanted it to be but had to wait patiently. Searching, searching, searching, was my middle name. Actually I realize now I was running away from life, afraid to speak up for what was to be mine, eventually and only mine. Him.

I looked online at loft apartments in Birmingham. I had mentioned it to my accountant about selling two homes and buying a loft. I respect his opinions. He has steered me a lot of times in the right direction. He asked me why I wanted to live in the hood? I really fast snapped back to reality. I did not want to move to the city. I am a country woman. If I had sold the homes and moved and was not happy, then I would have not had a home to come to.

My brother called me and wanted me to move to the part of GA he lives in. He said developers were building a senior citizen community where you could own your own home or condo and dog friendly. The community was going to have stores, a beauty shop, drug store and doctor within the facility. Oh hell no, I am not a senior citizen. I am not ready to start riding a golf cart everywhere I go. That was not for me. I am not ready for checkers and shuffleboard.

I had a friend I had known since 1986 call me several times a week. He lives in New England. He tried to talk me into moving to his town and that I would love being in this quaint town. He was even going to get me a

job at the hardware store where he works. That was so nice, NOT. However I do love tools and things like that, so I figured I'd be spending all my payday on items in the store. No way I was moving there. I did not want to move for several reasons. Him and snow, in that order. I never wanted anything to be between us. I had zero desire. The cons outweigh the pros, and Asherah kept pushing me away.

Thank you for that Asherah. However, it was nice having someone to talk to that I had known for so long. I laugh at that comment because I never was asked how I was doing, not once, and what I had been doing. I'd answer the phone and the entire conversation revolved around him or I'd get a 30 minute concert. I actually muted the TV and read the close caption while he was going on and on about how wonderful he was.

I would be leaving a restaurant in Bham after having dinner with my friend I had plans for, and him in New England would call, and I'd say, "I am leaving Birmingham and am on the way home, I probably will lose service in one part of the highway." Not once did he ask what I was doing in the evening in Birmingham. I wanted him to. I wanted to say. "I had dinner with a man friend." Maybe the calls would have then stopped. Nope he was not for me. Some nights I did not answer the phone. I am glad he doesn't call anymore. I told him to stop calling me, and when he commented on my Facebook, I blocked him. I wish him well.

I had a sewing friend that I had since I was 45. I was 70 this year when she decided she did not want to be friends anymore, because I had not kept her in the loop about the man I had plans for, but the man had no clue that I had plans for him. Long story, I am not telling it here, I do not think it is important enough for me to waste breath or pages in the book. She did me a great favor. No hard feelings, just glad the season of friendship is over. After tonight I will never mention her again. The end, final. I am very glad.

I still have "Shell" (Michelle), I am 20 years older than she is, so she is like a daughter. I hired her when I had two terminal family members here, she was full time and we became very close friends. I thank her for that friendship. I have talked her ears off about everything I wanted to go on. She always listened and was there for me ready to jump on backs like a monkey, scratch their eyes out! I can visualize that! I would call her all hours during the day and late at night to ask her what was wrong with me

so that the man I had plans for didn't do something about it, and about other things, especially the person that was holding my interest. She never got mad, she was always there for me. We'd try to figure out things. She always would end with "You want me to jump on his back and you hold him and I and scratch his eyes out?" I'd laugh. No, but how about knocking some sense into him. Did not matter day or time, she was there for me. I'd call her daily and nightly to talk about Sloan. A lot of times I woke her up from a deep sleep. I know she was getting so tired of hearing me it's a wonder she had not picked up the phone and called him for me.

He consumed my mind. If I were awake I was thinking about what to do. I just had to figure out how I was going to get the point across without being forward or to tell the truth the fear of being rejected. I should probably just have come out and said what I meant, but I could not. I never go first. I still have a hard time to this day saying some things.

In fact if not for Sloan saying this story, at first, was a lot of noise, and it's not and if it is, it is my noise, my story and harping on me for leaving out all the juicy parts, a big majority of the story of 2024 would have not been told, like the time he invited me to his apartment, we went downstairs for early dinner and ended up in the daylight naked in his bed with no curtains. I was exposed that day. No secrets, wrinkles and all.

Sloan, are you happy now? I slutted up my life, telling this now, and when I told my therapist about it back when it happened, he asked was I going to do it again? "Yep, if I get an invitation." I'll meet you later tonight with no clothes on when it is time to go to sleep.

It was just me and Elizabeth Taylor in bed for a very long time, alone. She was in her carrying case right up in my right ribs under the cover where she slept. She has slept there since she came here when she was a baby and was able to leave her mother. I would pull back the cover and turn facing her and talk to her like she was human. I could only imagine what was going through her mind if she could have talked." Call him, call him, call him before I go crazy. If you don't, just dial the digits for me. I'll tell him myself." I talked her ears off. She was a good listener, but I could tell by the look on that little face she'd had enough.

My uncle was living with me and I was ready for him to move on to his daughter's home. I personally did not ever think that would happen, but

Asherah and Sloan's angels had a plan for me. My uncle is in his 90's, and I would sit and think, "He will be here at 100 and I'll be almost 80 and wasted my life." I loved him but I did not want to have him living with me anymore. We were like two ships passing in the night. Nothing in common. I did not have any privacy, nor could I have invited Sloan here to visit or anyone.

Asherah or the angels caused my uncle to fall during the middle of the night, 2 AM to be exact. He went to the bathroom and waited until 7:30 AM to inform me he fell and was injured, not badly but was pretty torn up. We lived on different sides of the house. I heard nothing, so I did not know he had fallen and was hurt. He said he never felt any pain but he hurt his arm. HE HAD TO GO.

His daughter took him with her that day and that is where he should have been with his daughter. I could not stand the thought of something happening to him during the night and I got up and he was gone for good to his other home in the sky. So it worked out after two years with me and he is extremely happy and having a good time with his daughter and her husband.

The next night, Sloan spent the night in my home. A few nights on that sleep number bed with a crack in the middle of it, previously on purpose, Sloan and I went to a bed store and lay on beds in the daylight, and picked out the queen bed we liked, and it's the best bed I ever slept in. His queen bed in his apartment is the second best bed I ever slept in. He brought it with him when he moved in. It's in the guest bedroom.

Before Sloan ruined my reputation in his apartment, I thought about going back to college. I quit college after two quarters in the 70's, because public speaking was a required course. Well, I did not really go full time. I worked during the day and went in the evening taking computer programming. It was not for me. I am truly introverted. It is extremely hard, speaking in public. I knew if I was going for a degree I would have to take speech class. I'd either have to take it in the first quarter and die or dread the entire time I was there knowing it would be the last class. Fortunately now most colleges do not require speech.

I think today I could pass, well I did pass, I just did not finish. However it is getting better talking to others in public. I believe I could get

up in front of a crowd and make a speech. About what I do not have a clue, but I think I could. Sloan says anyone can make a speech about something they lived and know about, that's easy as pie. Just tell what happened, and then tell why I told it. But back then, I would have died in my seat, before I got out of it and stood up before people and talked to them.

Before Sloan, I had a fence put up out back around the property up against the house for my private oasis. I was going to plant in my raised beds, cut the grass, fish in the pond, get an all over tan, sit in the house and watch murder mysteries in my spare time. The lady that cleans for us told me a few weeks ago that I was not the same person I was last year and that I did not even look the same, that I nearly killed myself cutting grass working outside all the time to try to find happiness and occupy my time and I worked her to no end in the yard with me.

We both enjoy working in the yard but I went day and night with projects. Some weeks I'd cut the same 4 acres two times in a week because I was searching for something to do to occupy my much busy mind with other ideas. Never mind I have 40 years of genealogy to enter online for future generations to know about our family and I have mountains of fabric and sewing machines to sew up the world. That did not work out either. My mind was occupied with someone in Birmingham.

Back when I was talking to Sloan all the time, and he didn't know I was talking to him except when we sometimes went to dinner occasionally, I enjoyed that. It got me out of the house and I felt good having someone different to talk to. I did not know which way that situation was going to turn out. I figured like everything else in my life, not good. Well he lives here now and eats breakfast and dinner, here at the bar in our home. I now love cooking and I do not mind cleaning up either.

Back when I was talking to Sloan all the time, I thought about going back to work, but then who would keep Elizabeth Taylor? I never left her alone, not even for 10 minutes. We are each other's emotional support. Now, I have been leaving her alone up to two hours at a time. Trying to wean each other from being so emotionally attached. I still worry however the entire time but I make myself do it.

I thought I really did not need a job for the money, and I possibly could be knocking someone out of getting a job that really needed the

money, so I axed that thought, as well as many others that I have. Plus the money I made would have gone to a babysitter for Elizabeth Taylor, so I would be just working for nothing.

Last New Year's Eve, I did not even sit up to see the new year come in. I really did not give two rips about it. What did I have to look forward to? I hated going to bed, I hated getting up. The bed was huge and it was like sleeping on a football field all alone with the losing team. I had no one to talk to except Michelle and I was about to wear her out.

Well, I had another friend but I could not talk to her about the things I was feeling. She would not have understood, so I kept it from her. I figure she suspected someone was on my mind. I'd rather have eaten crackers and drank tea, than to cook. I love cooking now. I had to, I had a family member here that had to eat. I had to feed Elizabeth Taylor, the poodle. If not for my uncle and my dog I probably never would have eaten. Only when I was forced to. I hated cooking that much back then. I love cooking now. I have someone that enjoys the same meals as well as I do and it is not a chore to cook. And he can cook, and I really like what he cooks.

When I was talking to Sloan all the time, I started therapy. It was a good thing for me. Twice a month I drove almost an hour away to talk to David, the therapist. I learned a lot about myself during those sessions. A lot I hated about myself, but then there was a lot that I liked. I realized I was not all bad. Just confused much of my life about things. It was healing. SLOAN WAS THE REASON I was going mostly, I did not admit it but in my heart I knew that was the reason. I could not figure out what was going on in my body and in my heart, DUH woman you knew you just did not want to admit.. I never experienced this before and I either was terminal or crazy! I found out. It was both, it was love!!! The whole time I was there I tried to convince myself and David that all I wanted was a friendship. Finally David woke me up, by asking me, "Who are you trying to convince, me or you?" I said, "You". He laughed and asked me why I was trying to convince him when it was my heart that was pining over someone and I was not even thinking straight about what to do. Lord, life is a trip!

Fast forward to summer. I had been going out to dinner with Sloan one time or maybe sometimes two times a week, more than the beginning occasionally. Just a friendship. I don't even remember what we talked about. I was so busy looking into his soul through those blue eyes. I also

was busy talking to him in my head. I even undressed him at the table with my mind at the Fish Market! As he ate and John's coleslaw dropped down his mouth and beard my thought would be, "You want me to wipe that off with my lips?"

Oh, I had it bad. I was out of control as I know me. I know it sounds sappy but it is true. I learned a lot about this man by just eating dinner with him. I realized he was what I needed in my life and I was hoping I was what he realized he needed. I would call Michelle and talk to her about it and she would say, "If it is meant to be it will be." I know it was meant to be but he did not know it, yet. I was feeling things in my heart I never felt before. Was I coming back alive? Or was I developing heart trouble?

My entire life for the most part had been pitiful. I existed and did the best I could. I did have a few good times but nothing like now. I saw the possibility of things changing. Sloan just did not know it yet, and I was not sure how I was going to present it to him. I spent many sleepless nights in bed staring at the ceiling thinking. Pros and cons. Wondering what it would be like if he was here with me. What we would be talking about, doing. I made up big movies in my head of things I thought would be happening. There were many more pros than cons to this situation but I did not know what to do. I was not a forward person and I was not about to make the first move to be shot down. I could have been crushed. You know I do not know how men approach women, ask them for dates. I would be so terrified, I would get turned down, I would just stay home.

One day things changed. I am still in a whirlwind about all that happened but now we live together in the same home. I love this man, he loves me. I never felt this way about anyone on earth. However I still worry all the time about what if this what if that. I need my what if removed. Take it one day at a time and do not think about tomorrow. It is ok to plan some things in the future, if you must, but not dwell in the future, live in the moment, but I think everyone is programmed to think about the future. I see a lot of errors on my part and I will be correcting them. Sloan hurts physically. I hurt for him and wish I could take the pain away but it is something we have to work together to find a solution if there is any. I am here for him in any capacity he needs, his helpmate, his soul mate as he is mine. He's a good man with a good soul. I am blessed.

Years ago I emailed him about an article I read in the Birmingham News, which he was writing about on his blog. We had never met before then. I did not know he existed. It was not planned, I just did it. I can't explain why and never will be able to, but I think it was in the universe's big picture for me to have done that so today we can be together. We have been living in the same house since September 20th, and I told him yesterday it seems like we have always been here in our home. I hope we are always together until one of us dies, which I pray is a long time off and we both live healthy and happy. I gave him my heart 100%. I am not giving my heart away again. This is it. FINAL.

Sometimes we do not always see eye to eye on things, but I am willing to compromise and make things work. I think God made me wade through hell for 70 years to finally get to where I need to be and so I can really live now and enjoy life to the fullest and appreciate it. I am the happiest I have ever been in my life and I will get up every day with "not today satan", I refuse to let anyone penetrate this home with their evil doings. I won't capitalize s in satan. I refuse to give him power over this home. Others, of which there are many, his workers of iniquity, believe me there are plenty, well I will deal with them, we will deal with them. I refuse to let them ruin this relationship. Believe me, some try. Very hard. I will try to be what is needed to be to hold up my end of the relationship.

Oh Jeez, I almost forgot an important change. NO MAKEUP. Sloan hates makeup. I nearly died when he asked me not to wear it anymore. I had worn it since I was 16. I now was naked to the world in my face. I did not know what I was going to do. Never leave the house again? In the past I have had people comment on how they loved the way I looked. What color and where do you get it? Now I was morphing into plain Chris. I did not like it at all, I hated it, but in a relationship or trying to have a relationship you have to take in consideration what the other person likes. I was told, it only mattered what he liked, so I packed up my paint, and well. it's still in a drawer, but I do not wear it. I may be getting used to it a tiny bit. Maybe, well yes I am. It was a really big change. I think it was a weirder change of no makeup than someone moving into the house that I never lived with before. That was easy. The no makeup was hard and stressful. Sloan kept laughing and saying I was hiding behind makeup and stop worrying about how I look and concentrate on what I am.

I can not say THE END. It is the beginning. I do not make New Year's resolutions. They are silly. No one ever keeps them. January 1 is not important to me. What is important is the Chinese New Year coming up. I realized this year is my year. The Year of the Snake. Sloan is the Horse. I found this article very spot on.

<https://astrologyk.com/zodiac/chinese/compatibility/horse/snake> It will take some work in some aspects. I am willing after all anything worth having is worth working for. I love you Sloan. (ET also.)

I read the below on a FB friends page today. I really liked it. Never wait till later to do something you know in your heart you should have done. If I had not waited until later, it could have been two years of being together. I can not retrieve those lost years, but I sure can make up for it in the years to come. My dream finally came through!

Don't leave anything for later.
Later, the coffee gets cold.
Later, you lose interest.
Later, the day turns into night.
Later, people grow up.
Later, people grow old.
Later, life goes by.
Later, you regret not doing something...
When you had the chance.

Life is a fleeting dance, a delicate balance of moments that unfold before us, never to return in quite the same way again.

Regret is a bitter pill to swallow, a weight that bears down upon the soul with the burden of missed chances and unspoken words.

So, let us not leave anything for later. Let us seize the moments as they come, with hearts open and arms outstretched to embrace the possibilities that lie before us. For in the end, it is not the things we did that we regret, but the things we left undone, the words left unspoken, the dreams left unfulfilled.

- Toshikazu Kawaguchi,
Before the Coffee Gets Cold
(2015)

Makeup



When I turned 16, Aunt Marion, who did not have daughters, only two sons, took me to Mrs. Gilmer's, Merle Norman makeup business which happened to be in Mrs. Gilmer's home, to learn how to apply makeup properly as most young women at that time did, so I did not look like a rodeo clown or a street walker as the ladies of the evening were called back in that time, or a crack whore which did not exist until now but you get the picture. I spent a lot of time there with Mrs. Gilmer getting facials, using Miracol, learning how to thin line my eyelids, apply the correct color, blush and just in a dream world as most teenagers were at the time with their first makeup to look natural. It was like a rite of passage.

Mrs. Gilmer entertained all of my friends. We lived at her place, learning. She was a lady, maybe in her 60's a widow and she loved all of us and we loved her. In 1983 I was in my hometown for a surgery, she heard about it and came to visit me. It was like old times with her. She was precious. We young ladies loved her stories about going to California to meet the owner of the company, test out the new products and she loaded us down with samples. No, she did not make much money off us. She did

all she did for free. We purchased our initial investment which at that time was not much and she trained us to be pretty young ladies.

It was just a fun time in our lives, like getting our first garter belt, hosiery or bra but I was not too excited about my first bra when my pop told my granny to get up get dressed we were going to Anniston to get me a brassiere that he saw my nipples. I NEARLY DIED. Pop saw my nipples. I was maybe 12 years old. That was a big deal also. I remember at Christmas or my birthday getting lipstick or some product from Mrs Gilmers. To this day I still have the cold cream glass containers. They are collectors items now and I still use or used the cold cream from Merle Norman. I have a jar of it. I use it as a moisturizer. Creature of old habits, plus the smell brings back memories and it feels good on my skin.

I remember getting foundation, powder, a tin with 5 colors of lipstick, a brush to apply the lipstick, mascara, blush and Miracol along with cream to remove the cosmetics.

I loved the smell. I loved the look. I was growing up. This was in the late 60's. I was 16. Now I am 71, boy, that hurts to type that 1 on 70. I am 71 and I do not wear makeup anymore. Well, I did until 4 months ago.

The man I am with does not like it. He says you are hiding behind a mask, that there are no fig leaves in paradise, quit hiding from God. I said, well, my grandmother said "an old barn looks much better with a fresh coat of paint on it than the old weathered wood." But, I love Sloan and I am learning to be ok without my paint. War paint as my father called it. Do I miss it? Well yes I am going to be honest. I do. BUT I rarely think about or miss the makeup, unless he mentions it. If he would quit talking about it, I'd forget it. I have said it is like picking a scab, the more you pick the longer it takes to get well.

When I used to go out I got compliments from a lot of people I did not know. "I love your makeup you have on that looks wonderful, what brand? Estee' Lauder Double Wear" I have had guys say to me that I did not know, "Those hypnotic eyes." I do not feel that way anymore. You will never encounter anyone in your lifetime as insecure as I am. I feel like I look washed out and sick. BUT with saying that, I am fine the way I look to Sloan, and really that is all that matters in my life right now. I called it a sacrifice. Something you give up for someone you love, and he says it is

something else- i was not a sacrifice, I was saving myself from an addiction which was created by the devil deceiving us with the cosmetic industry.

Sloan sees one way, I see another. But I do not have any makeup here anymore, and even if he told me to go to Belks makeup counter and get what I used to get, I would not. Do I wrestle with it sometimes? Yep. I feel naked. I do not feel good sometimes about myself anymore. I catch myself not looking at people in the face for fear of what they will think about how homely I look.

I have eyelashes that when Mascara is on they look false. Some women would kill for my lashes. I am working it out of my system like a disease working out of my body. I feel sometimes like it is a worm trying to bore a hole getting out of me. You have to understand this has been a big part of me for 55 years. FIFTY FIVE YEARS!

I stopped using perfume after Sloan told me it closes up his nose and lungs.

Am I going to be ok? Yep. Will I survive? Well maybe.. Yep. Am I going to go buy more makeup, NOPE. Am I going to stay home in hiding? YEP. LOL, just kidding Sloan. I know you are going to be editing this. I am ok.

I have even apologized to other people who have known the old me for 20+ years, for looking so different. The first thing I say is "I am so sorry I look so terrible." Their response, "Wear it if you want to, you are grown." Nope, like I said, I love this man, he hates it so therefore our relationship is more important to me than a tube of lipstick. I can paint my face as something else, but I can't paint up the relationship. Which is more important to me.. Our relationship.

The first time I went to lunch with Sloan two years ago, I should have had a hint. I spent hours trying on clothes, putting my makeup on taking it off putting it back on, making sure my hair was perfect, I had on the most perfect jewelry to match what I was wearing and damnit it he came in with a worn out sweatshirt, jeans that had seen better days, rear pocket with a hole in it, where he had his cell phone, and a dirty ball cap that he still wears that I would die before I washed it because it would come apart and I'd die! He loves that hat. I felt so overdressed. I actually felt terrible

because I was dressed to perfection and he was just plain ole Sloan as he is today, which is perfectly fine with me. I love his look.

After that year when we started dating, and that sounds so silly to me, grown folks dating, oh lord eating out dinner I guess, I dressed nicely. I never wanted to be an embarrassment to anyone I was out with. What if someone saw him that knew him and I looked terrible, I can only imagine, "He could do better." I did not over dress but I dressed nice with sundresses, matching shoes, with a purse to match, jeans and nice shirts. I wanted to look nice to him. Little did I know he rather had seen me barefaced with all I had on. If he had told me not to come with makeup on I'd have shown up with sunglasses on and wore them the whole dinner. I remember the first time he saw me without makeup, I was panicking. We were in his apartment and it got worn off and then, it got taken off here at home in my shower, and that was it. Final. GONE.

A few months ago Sloan got new glasses, I thought, "Oh hell, he is going to see better and wonder what the hell he has been thinking." Well, if that has happened, he has not said anything. Maybe it is my good cooking that makes him blinded by the light! No, I am injecting humor in this book chapter to try to make me feel better and not make him mad. SLOAN I AM OK WITHOUT MAKEUP WITH YOU. Please stop talking about it and making me write about it. I would rather have left this chapter untold in my book.

When we thaw out from this snow I am having a funeral for my makeup! Can I count on you showing up?

Sloan to Morticia after reading the above.

I really like what you wrote, and I think when we talk about makeup, you also might have brought it up in some way?

Maybe a month ago, you used a curling iron on your hair one morning, and then you told me about it, and I asked why you did that, and then you got dizzy and liked to black out and you got diarrhea and had it the rest of the day.

The other day, you went on another cleaning out your old stuff you didn't need any more, and a lot of it was old clothes that didn't fit you anymore

because you had lost a lot of weight, which had made you really happy. Some of it you lost before we got "pinned", and some of the weight, 28 pounds, you lost since then. I lost about 15 pounds since we got "pinned", and I really am happy about that.

You told me that you were going to give the old clothes to a nearby women's shelter, and I said that was a good thing to do. Then you brought out a tray with a lot of different kinds of makeup on it, which you said had cost thousands of dollars, and you said you would give to the women's shelter, and I said I didn't think that was a good thing to do, because they didn't need it and it was poison, and that led to some tense moments between us, and finally you told me to throw it into the trash can, and told you it was your makeup and it was yours to throw into the trash can, and you did that, and you kinda looked like someone had shot and killed your favorite pet dog.

This morning, you described to me a dream you had last night, in which you were fitting yourself with a beautiful long sleeve long white dress. You had to take it up a lot, it was way too big for you. I was helping you take the dress up. I said that's a wonderful dream, I think it's about a marriage, and it happened after you shed a lot of weight, physical and other stuff you didn't need, including some relationships. You also said the book you are writing about your life, which was not easy in places for you to write, caused you to shed a lot of weight, not just physical. Then I said, your white dress dream might be about the bride of Christ, you, a state of being, and you needed to write a chapter about makeup, which you have not wanted to write.

After that, I told you again, there are no fig leaves in Paradise, nor any secrets. What's important is who we are, not what we look like to other people, or what other people think about us.

Then, you told me just now that while I was away the other day, you thought about putting on makeup to see if it made you feel better about yourself, and then you thought it would be just like me to come home early and you would have to put your head in a toilet, and it would be deceitful, and I said, see, it was still eating at you, don't forget that lovely dream you had this morning.

You asked me what I meant by the bride of Christ? I said it's a state of being, in the Holy Grail tradition, the women and the men are trying to move toward the Christ energy, and the women toward being a bride of Christ. This has nothing to do with various religions, nor with Masons, but it is a spiritual tradition in which I am deeply involved for decades.

Xanax



Xanax, I think I need one writing this post right now. The makeup post I wrote yesterday nearly killed me. I guess this one will finish me off. Just kidding.

I spent the majority of my adult working life on night shift. I slept during the day and worked from 10pm to 6:30 am. I did that for close to 30 years.

I never had issues with sleeping until I met someone at the Post Office and married, knowing it was a bad idea. I did not sleep anymore. I could not stand to get in the bed with him. I worked with him and I did not want to bring shame to us or questions, and I tried to live with it.

I could not sleep. I went to a doctor for a physical and while I was there I told her I could not sleep. She put me on Klonopin. I slept, but I did not dream.

I did not want to go to bed. I hate writing this. I feel like I should be ashamed, but I have no one to blame but me. I should have done like I did about everything else, run away.

I was not beaten or mistreated, I just was not happy in a lot of other ways, and I pretended to the world that my life was perfect. I faked a happy marriage. I should have left him, but I don't believe in divorce. I had promised a vow before God, and I upheld my end of the vow.

When the doctor put me on Klonopin, she did not inform me that it was supposed to be short term. I was on Klonopin for 15 years.

In 2006, I retired from my job of 22 years. My night shift job before that was for six years. . Oh, was I going to get to sleep at night. Nope. My doctor retired and I had to find a new doctor to get my Klonopin prescription so I could sleep at night.

The new doctor asked me how long I had been on Klonopin? I told him and he had a fit. He said it was NOT a drug to be on for that long. Mostly he gave it to people that were dealing with death to sleep until death came. He no longer was going to write me a prescription.

I said, "But I won't sleep." He slammed his pad down and said, "I'll give you one more month but that's all."

When that month was gone, I was quitting cold turkey. I nearly had seizures. Not only did I not sleep, I could not drive or function.

I went to an MD who leaned toward the natural way of things, and he was really upset that a doctor who went to medical school took me off the Klonopin cold turkey.

He wrote me a one month prescription and told me how to back off. Skip every other night, then every two nights, then every three nights, until once a week and stop. I did.

I was messed up for so long after that. My brain never felt right for almost a year.

I found another doctor, highly recommended, who was an MD but practiced a lot of natural supplements and meds. He put me on .5 milligram Xanax to sleep, it did not work at first then we went to 1mg and drink a wine cooler to tip me over the edge. I did that for maybe a year and stopped. I do

not like the taste much of alcohol and I did not need the calories. I dreaded bedtime. I hated bedtime. I fought it like a child fights naps.

I went to this doctor for years. I was allowed to stay on 1mg. I finally slept at night. I dreamed again. I felt good and rested when I woke up.

I heard a rumor my doctor was retiring and I ended up going to the one I am with now. She too was an M.D. who preferred the natural approach. She was not happy that I was on Xanax and we tried everything else and nothing worked. She said I needed to sleep, and she kept prescribing 1 milligram of Xanax, and I kept using it. I have not cut myself down to .5 again. I really want to be off, but it has been in my body so long that if I am not on it I do not sleep. I am up all night long with my heart beating crazy all day the next day. It scares me.

Then my husband became terminally ill, and a favorite aunt became terminally ill, and I was taking care of both of them in my home and she knew what I was going through and she prescribed Buspirone and I could not take it so I ended up with Celexa. It really helped with the anxiety. 3 months after my aunt became terminal, she died. 3 months later, my husband died, and 3 weeks later, my mother's brother moved in with me and got on my fucking nerves so badly that I kept on the Celexa. He lived with me for two years. Thank God it was not like everything else in 3's. 3 years instead of 2.

Sloan and I got friendly. My uncle fell and tore the flesh off one of his arms, and I called his daughter and she came to get him. I told Sloan about the Xanax and Celexa. He asked me to quit the Celexa and see how that went, and he told me a different way to wean from the Xanax. Take $\frac{3}{4}$ dose a week, then $\frac{1}{3}$ dose a week, then $\frac{1}{4}$ dose a week, then stop. I got off the Celexa okay.

Sloan told me about being in the black night of the soul in 1997 and 1998, which came on in two days' time and it felt like half his brain had died and he stopped dreaming and felt totally cut off from God. A psychiatrist put him on two different pills, an antidepressant and an antipsychotic, which Sloan said were really messing him up, but when he tried three times to quit them cold turkey, he went into horrible withdrawal and had to start taking them again, and his psychiatrist assured the pills were not addictive.

Sloan said the pills caused him to gain a lot of weight and his pulse and blood pressure skyrocketed, and he had night terrors and became afraid to fall asleep, and white hot sores formed in the back of his mouth and top of his throat.

When Sloan left his wife 16 months after the black night arrived, the black night began to lift, and he took $\frac{3}{4}$ dose of the two pills for a week, then $\frac{1}{2}$ dose for a week, and he asked his psychiatrist to give him a weaning schedule, and it was what Sloan was already doing, so he took $\frac{1}{4}$ th dose for a week, and then he stopped taking the pills. It was a little touch and go, but he was dreaming again, and angels were back with him and steering him, and he got through it and hasn't been on any pills since, other than what doctors prescribed when he had a lung infection that went into pneumonia, and a pill a neurologist prescribed to stall off old age cognitive deterioration.

Sloan's pulse today is around 70 and his blood pressure around 130/70. Some medical people have told him that is amazing.
Back to me.

I told Sloan I wanted to try coming off Xanax by skipping every other night, then every two nights, then every three nights, until once a week and stop. But I was not able to skip a night and sleep.

I cut the Xanax in half, and was able to sleep okay.
I learned that if I rubbed Sloan's back at night after we got into bed, I conked out- I called it "comma'd"- pretty quick, and if I woke up in the night and rubbed his back, I usually comma'd out again.

But I kept taking $\frac{1}{2}$ a Xanax tablet, and we agreed that, come January 1, I would try taking $\frac{1}{2}$ a Xanax tablet every other night. A couple of nights without Xanax went okay, but not last night, and neither Sloan nor I dreamed about it, and that bothered us, and Sloan said he is okay with me taking $\frac{1}{2}$ of a Xanax pill at night, because I need to sleep more than I need to be off Xanax.

I don't like using Xanax, but I need to sleep.
We both hope something happens and I don't need to take Xanax.

Sloan told me that when his psychiatrist prescribed Xanax to help him relax when he was in a black night of the soul in 1997, he was loopy through the next evening and he didn't take it anymore.

To end this chapter, I will share a story Sloan told me about where he used to live in Key West, and he became friends with a very highly thought of psychiatrist, who told Sloan he had a patient that had panic attacks driving his car over the bridges in the Florida Keys, and he cured his patient by prescribing Xanax to be taken a little while before the patient drove his car where there was a bridge to cross.

Sloan has told me about a lot of training he had in helping people heal some really bad trauma, he was a student and a practice patient during the training, and then people came people who came to him for help, and two were psychiatrists, one was a doctor of psychology certified in Jungian analysis, one was a licensed clinical social worker, and one was a licensed psychological counselor.

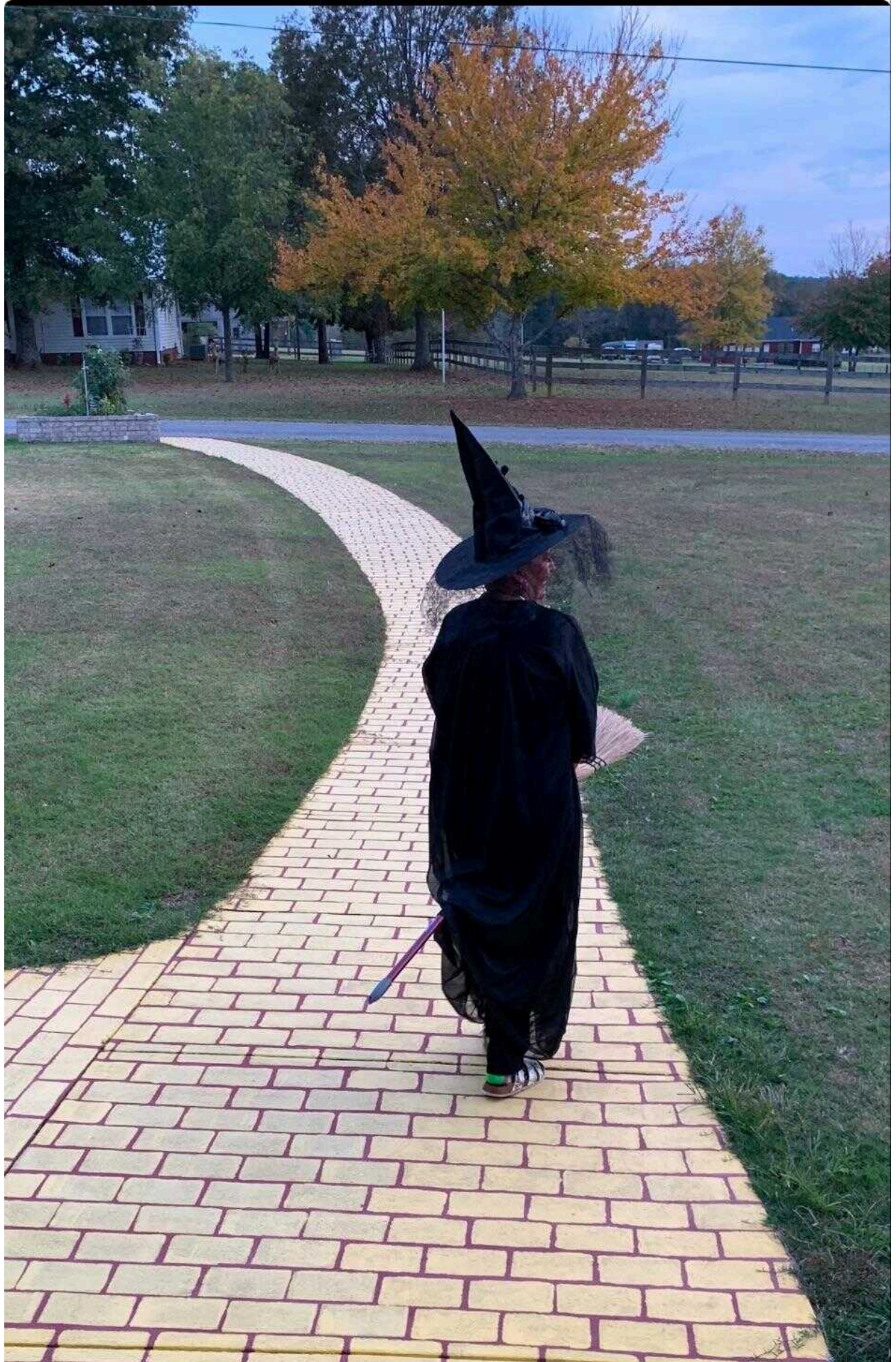
Sloan also said, jokingly, that during the black night he did a field residency in psychiatry.

Sloan said if the guy who got panic attacks driving over bridges had come to him, he would have got in the guy's car and rode with him to a bridge, and when the panic attack started, he would ask the guy to slow down and pull off the road and stop his car and turn off the engine, and then he and Sloan would have a talk and learn what the bridges represented that was the real cause of the panic attacks, and the guy would have come unglued and have himself a really good wrenching cry, and then the bridges would not scare the bejesus out of him.

I read hundreds of Sloan's blog posts before we started dating. He isn't like any person I ever knew or even heard of. He does not make stuff up. If he says something is this or that, or he did this or that, he means it. Anyone who reads his novel Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale and its sequel Return of the Strange, free reads at archive.org, should come away wondering what planet Sloan came from?

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212
[Return Of The Strange : Sloan Bashinsky : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive](https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212)

My little secret box that got me into a whole lot of trouble



I am not going to say I am sorry or lie. I do not want to write this chapter, paragraph, page or what the hell ever.

Years ago, I was really big in Feng Shui. I once had a lady that was my advisor. I drew up the house plans and took them to her and she could not believe I had everything in perfect order and never had one class. I just followed my heart and my gut feeling.

At my Feng Shui advisor's suggestion I had this tiny box under my side of the bed and it was my affirmation box. Carolyn, who is the lady that keeps the house clean, would come and when she mopped she'd see the box and put it on the nightstand. At night I would go to get in bed and see it and put it back under the bed. One day she asked me why I kept dropping it. I laughed and explained it to her and now it stays under the bed.

I had forgotten about it. It has been years of not thinking about it or writing and putting something in the box. Yesterday I was mopping the house and I got down on my knees to mop under that bed and I was like "what's that?" It was slid all the way over to Sloan's side of the bed.

I got it and realized it was my affirmation box. I opened it and this is what was in it. A red piece of paper. I think the red is supposed to make the affirmation more powerful. Here is the message in my handwriting.

I am willing to let go of what no longer serves me.
I am willing to grow and expand into a higher version
of myself. I am willing to allow the light to illuminate my
shadow so that I can make peace with all aspects of
myself. I am willing to tap into and utilize my greatest creative
potential and I am willing to be reborn.

The note was signed with my artist signature that I used on Feb 24, 2014.

What is that 11 years almost in a few weeks that it has taken to manifest in some ways?

Sloan, Bob and I did a podcast last night. Sloan told me I was going to read it during the hour. I did not want to read it. I got a few "goddamn's,

grow up” You get the idea. It was private and then I know how I am worried what others will think of me, if it was silly, crazy or whatever. But I read it to keep from getting a bump. (inside joke, but serious.) Sloan said I should share this writing I had in a box that was beautiful and it was not to be hidden from people. That it was as beautiful as any quilt I had made. I remember writing something and putting it in the box. I could not for the life of me tell you what I wrote 11 years ago but it surfaced yesterday and I am glad to see it again and see what I should be doing and what I have done. I will continue with my affirmations and

Then to top it off last night, I dreamed that I had changed my last name two times to keep from people knowing who was the author of my book. people were coming from all over wanting to know who was writing the book. It was raining. It seemed like they had carts like grocery carts full of Tv’s, computers, machines and I told them they could store the items in the home. But they could not stay, just their items.

Then, I saw my deceased husband. and I do not like talking about him. It has been close to 3 years and I do not want to keep thinking or mentioning. I want to forget that move on. However I advised him he no longer lives here. He was ok with that , he said he did not care to be back, he was just checking to make sure I am happy, yes very much, he went on his way. He was glad I was happy. I am glad he went on his way. Now stay out of my dreams.

It is a rare occurrence that I dream about Gary, and I mostly do not think about him, but lately. He left me family land that he and his brother inherited. Asherah plainly told me to keep my part of that land, and I nearly went crazy going back and forth, and after dreaming about Gary, I decided to give the land to his daughters by his first wife, who are in their fifties, because I am 71, I don’t want that land and I can’t do anything with it when I only own half of it. I told my lawyer, who represented Gary and his family, to draw up the papers that give the land to Gary’s daughters.

Sloan seems to think my book needs to be in the free Internet Library, or in a publishing house. I am writing this book for me to heal from the past and that is happening. I am just not sure if I am ready for the world to read it. It will not be under my name. There are some things about me I do not want my family to read, although I am sure they already know those things,

but I am not ready for the public to know those things,, even though the public won't know who wrote it, which sounds just like me :-).

God only knows I have made peace with myself on a lot of things and with saying that I have a lot more things to make peace with. It takes time and a work in progress.

Lately I have been working on my creative potential and am willing to learn and try more and different creative endeavors.

I am not sure if I read the affirmation somewhere that I had in my box, or if I came up with it on my own. Either way it is perfectly fitting for my life. I am thankful for that.

I AM READY TO BE REBORN IN EVERY WAY IMAGINABLE!

Sloan just said after this above that to be reborn every way imaginable might entail the whole wide world reading this book and knowing who I am and where I live. I told him that he can bite my butt and he can pick the cheek.

Booby Traps, a stream of consciousness presentation



That photo was taken by my monster mother at the kitchen table when I was 19, after she and my sister and a friend dared me to show my tits. I started writing this chapter after Sloan asked Alexa to play “Tits and Ass” from the Broadway musical, “A Chorus Line”.

When I was asked to stop wearing makeup, months ago, I started hating myself, still do, my washed out old lady self. But a person and relationship is more important than paint! Now I find I am getting in much more despair over my tits! Or my lack of tits. Yes this is a tit post. They have disappeared. I need to put out a BOLO on them! Offer a reward. Maybe someone will find them, return them. No questions asked!

I guess we came into the world suckling on our mama’s tits. Well most people did and probably a lot will say they will go out suckling on some woman’s tits. Probably not their mother’s, but you get the point. Suckling refers to the act of drawing milk from a nipple by nursing or breastfeeding. I was allergic to her, so I never was a suckle! Unless you count the sugar tit my Pop made when we were whiny. He would take a popsicle stick, wrap a piece of cotton fabric around it, secure it, dip it in water and sugar and make us suck the sugar tit. It was a kind of punishment. I only had to do it a few times till I learned not to be whiny! But secretly I liked it, the sugar water was good to me, even though it was to shame us. I’d whine around Granny and she would not tell Pop. We had a lot of secrets. I should have whined around him to get my sugar tit.

I was thinking this weekend that growing up was just not puberty for boys, the hard time you guys went through. We girls went through a lot. I remember my first bra when Pop announced, “Get ready Ma, we are going to Anniston to get her a brassiere, I see her nipples.” I was 11. He had a really pronounced Georgia Southern Colonel Sanders accent. I wanted to die. Off we went I got one bra.

My payment for that night was we went to the Battle House and ate and I got to pick out a piece of pie by myself. I got coconut, mine and Granny’s favorite. I think they took me there because I was traumatized .Plus we three loved the place. It was a normal Saturday night eat out place for us.

I still have one bra TOO BIG. I have lost my tits. I can take the end of my bra, pinch it in half and not even touch my breast. I have even more to not like myself about now. No tits. I have lost my makeup identity along with

my tits. I am just fucked! In a way I don't want to be fucked! I probably won't get that way much longer either, because I look like a little boy of sorts..LOL, not that bad, but bad enough.

I matured in the chest department early, maybe a bit more than most girls my age. I was proud of my chest. I got a lot of looks. As I got older, I got a lot of comments. I even asked my guy friends, well some of them, what makes you all so in love with breasts? I got the answer, "We nursed our mothers." Well, I tried to nurse mine but you do not see me staring at a guy's chest or reaching out to touch their breast. Maybe I should start. Open up a new world for me! I think I will start tonight doing that. I'll let you all know how that works out for me!

I always looked great in my bathing suit, with my tits overflowing. Then my shirts and dresses, I was curvy like a real woman should be.. I loved having tits. Then comes the day of weight loss and disappearing acts, and wrinkles.

I used to tell my sister that her tits kind of looked like two fried eggs with the yellow busted. We'd laugh. She always wanted to trade her breasts for my breasts, and I wanted her kinky curly hair for my wild wavy hair. We neither got what we wanted.

I had some chemicals messed up in my body and when the chemicals got straightened out, I lost a lot of weight. It was not because I was eating all the time, I eat more now than I did then. It was because of two things going on. The weight left and so did my "girls" GONE and truly not forgotten. I barely got a mouthful. I always heard "more than a mouthful was a waste." I'd just like a mouthful. I wish there was a machine you could stand in and it goes from head to toe and refigures things for you. I'd go every day. I hate wrinkles and I hate no tits. I'd get rid of one and get an abundance of another.

These two girls have always caused me trouble. When I was 29, I had a major surgery. I went to the OR in a tiny country hospital at 8 pm and came out at 5:30 in the AM to recover. I was in a mess headed for death if nothing had been done. Well my mother being the narcissist she was, could not stand me two weeks in the hospital getting attention from everyone, so she decided to check herself in the hospital for a checkup.

Back in the late 70's and 80's you could check yourself in. She did. She found out she had breast cancer a few months after her stay. She had a mastectomy. Her tits caused her trouble. She was minus one, had it put back on and staph set in and she nearly died and it rotted off like hamburger meat, rotting in the yard. So her tits were trouble for her.

While I was recuperating from my surgery at her home, the doctor decided even though I was 29, that I needed a mammogram. I went to Gadsden to have one done, and as I was going back out to the waiting room I looked up at the film on the wall and announced to Mother, "I don't know who's film that is but they are in serious trouble. 4 big stingrays with tails in one left breast. MINE.

FOR YEARS, maybe 20 years, I got two mammograms a year with MRIs to boot. You talking about torture, thinking about being face down with the boobies hanging in a track, nose running, can't move or breathe or have any itches or anything, or they have to start over with an IV in your arm, you look like a naked superman on the table with your hands straight ahead of you, praying you dont have to fart or anything knowing snot is everywhere, getting and MRI. Oh, this lasted 45 minutes and if I moved they had to start over. I prayed. Yes, witches pray!

The doctor came out with the film sealed up with a letter to take to my doctor who happened to have his office next to my parents' home. They shared a parking lot. I was told not to open it. Well you may as well have just sat down and read it to me, because as soon as I got in the car, I opened it and read "suspected breast cancer." I am shocked that I did not flip out. I was calm and when we got back to Mothers home, my Aunt who worked at the doctor's office was at the back door telling me to come to the office in the back door of the clinic to avoid having to wait in the waiting room.

The doctor from Gadsden had already called and reported to my doctor at Mother's that he thought I had breast cancer. Next day, I was on my way to Brookwood Hospital in Birmingham to have surgery- 4 benign tumors.

This has been a long road from 28 to 71 with these girls. They have dealt me misery. I had the operation and I have a scar. It used to go straight

across, now it is like a sinking ship going under water. Those mothers sag also. What is left of them.

Every year when it is mammogram time, I worry. I never think about it until time to go and until I get the results. My doctor used to take me immediately after I had the mammogram and give me the results. Now I have to wait a week or two. It is equivalent to waiting on death row. I have gone back for MRI's, and had cysts popped with a very long needle as I lay on the table watching on a sonogram machine, the cyst bouncing like a beach ball, then pop.

Last time I went for a mammogram was last year, June I think it was, I got called back for another test. I told the tech that I was not letting her out of the room until she told me what she saw, that I was bat shit crazy with worry. She said she could not tell me and I was like "Well please, you have to understand, I give my word I will not mention it to the doctor." She was walking out of the door to see if I had to have another test from the doctor, "cyst" she mouthed. She came back and said the doctor did not need to see me, that I had a cyst and we hugged and I left. I was so relieved I almost kissed her. I never told on her until this book, but she will never see it. I would NEVER tell a doctor a tech told me and saved me from death on the table from worry. I was so relieved.

These damn things are a worry. One consolation is this year when I get my mammogram they are so tiny, probably from a D cup to A cup, that they would not have to call me back. They can just shine a flashlight in them and see what's inside. I kid you not, I am ashamed. THEY ARE GONE compared to what I used to have. Oh well, Sloan says they are ok to him, and he has known women who would love to have my tits.

Just do not turn the light on. Close your eyes in the shower. Does this count as being fully reborn? Maybe headed that way. I hope he can continue to find them! I say they are like yard dogs, get on your back and they roll all over the place.

After I quit wearing makeup, I would take a mental survey of who had it on and who did not. "Nope, Yes," I started noticing who had makeup on and who did not. I am that self conscious about it. Now I look at tits to see who has some who don't. I am self conscious about mine. I am amazed

that more are smaller than the bigger ones. I guess some are going to think I am a pervert staring at their chest.

Did I mention they caused a wreck one time? Back in the 70's L Wallace that I have mentioned before in this book and I were besties. May she RIP. Well when I would go home I could call a friend in another town and tell him I was coming home for the weekend and could we go to Ike's in Rome, GA. It was a restaurant with drinks and dancing and the best frog legs on the planet. I was forbidden by my mother to go there so we headed there. It could be a bit of a rough joint. I liked living on the edge. I would see people there that knew her and I figured they would say "I saw Chris at Ike's Saturday." What could she do, nothing.

Teddy was his name. The guys called him Tiddie because he had some man boobs, but I called him Teddy. His real name was Jerry. He loved to drink. I do not think I ever was with him that he had not been drinking a bit ALL DAY. It was always a given I was driving. I was in a brand new Cadillac of his friend. We were just friends. I could always depend on going somewhere with him having a great time, safe time, no strings attached, it was not a date, it was just two friends out having a blast. We did everything, I always drove, he always drank.. I was driving with him in the passenger side and L Wallace and her friend in the back. They were asleep. We are just 4 friends, nothing more or I thought just friends. The three had drank a bit, I had none because I was going to be the designated driver. We left Ikes after midnight and headed back to my parents' home.

About 5 miles from home I was told to turn left. I went on this old country road, nothing on the road, but dirt road and woods. The back seat two were snoring away. He got out, went to the back of the car and used the bathroom. I remember putting on the brake lights so he would not wet himself. Teddy then got back in the car and as I cranked up he reached over and reached up under my shirt before I could figure out what was going on and grabbed one of my girls. What friend does that? It startled me so much, I thought I was hitting the brake but I mashed on the gas and backed into the creek. YES A CREEK. Water was filling up in the trunk and back seat. Teddy got out after the two in the back woke up wet and cussing" Goddamnit Chris, I just got this car yesterday.

Teddy then walked to the highway and an 18 wheeler came by and stopped and asked him if he was in trouble and where was he going.

“Hokes Bluff.” The guy said I am not going that way and Teddy pulled out his hunting knife and said “you are now.” I did not know he did that because I was back in the car with the two wet ones. A few hours later he came back with his friend who had a wrecker, the truck driver was not harmed, and we got out only to make it home about 20 minutes before my daddy got up.

Me and L Wallace were on the couch tickled at the situation when my daddy got up and wanted to know what time we got home. “Oh we've been here a long time, we just got up early.” No we just arrived before you got up and we lied and covered it up. I do not know what he could have done, I was out living on my own in Birmingham. I guess I could have gotten in my car and drove us home if he gave us any flack. See, my tits caused a wreck!

They were about to cause a disturbance at Lowe's a few years back. I had gone there to find some item and I was unable to find it. I went up to a salesman and asked where whatever it was I was looking for. HE NEVER looked me in the eye. He stared at my breasts the entire time. Looking down. “Aisle 12, three shelves down.” I started to say LOOK UP, MY EYES ARE NOT AT MY BOOBS. I did not. It won't happen again. THEY HAVE DISAPPEARED!

They have been nothing but trouble. Now they do not even turn heads or cause a ruckus. I always said if I ever had to have them taken off for medical reasons, I was leaving them off and having an upper chest tattoo put on my body where they were, but that was a lie of the devil the way I feel now. I think maybe I need to have some more tattooed on to look like I got something. I could go back to my Crazy Horse women dancing in cages night club days of sneaking in underage with toilet paper stuck in my bra to make me look grown, that is if most of the time I was not commando. I guess I'll go to Costco and stock up on Kirkland toilet paper and start wearing a bra!! I'll keep ya posted!

My Favorite Martian



My favorite Martian lives on this planet but is not from this planet.

Flashback to early 2010. I was married not thinking about anyone else, not really giving too much thought to the one I was with either. I opened up my computer one morning and from where I do not have a clue a news article popped up about a man missing in Birmingham. I knew of the family only because I knew the company they owned. We ate their products as well as almost everyone else in our state. It was just Golden Flake to us. Potato Chips and Popcorn.

I Google searched and found Sloan's blog post about it, and I read that blog post several times, in which Sloan said he lived in Key West, Florida, and about hour after friends in Birmingham, Alabama, his home town, called him to report his younger brother had gone missing, and a Birmingham News journalist contacted him to arrange a telephone interview, and out of the blue it came to Sloan and the journalist at about the same time, nearly 1000 miles apart, that Sloan's younger brother killed himself and tried to make it look like murder.

Then, it was all over the local, state and national news that a Golden Flake heir had gone missing.

I was nosy. I contacted Sloan, asking for more information on the missing brother. It intrigued me. I have always loved a good mystery. I was hooked on the story. I was DRAWN to the story. I did not realize at the time it would be a very long draw! I started trying to find everything I could about the story online.

Sloan wrote every day at his blog about his younger brother up to when his brother's body was found in a pond at a public golf course in Birmingham.

Sloan continued writing about his brother until the Jefferson County Medical Examiner and a Birmingham Police Department detective were quoted in the Birmingham News, that Sloan's brother had killed himself and tried to make it look like murder.

Sloan continued writing about his brother after many people in Alabama did not believe the medical examiner and the police detectives reports.

A Birmingham blogger suggested Sloan might have been in on his brother's murder, even though Sloan lived almost 1000 miles away and he stood to gain nothing from his brother's death, but being called crazy and being accused of being in on the murder.

Sloan explained in a blog post that his brother was bisexual, he had two children by his first wife and two children by his second wife, and he was in the closet, and someone was going to out him and he could not prevent it, and he designed his suicide to look like murder. People who did not even know Sloan's brother said they were sure his brother was not bisexual.

Sloan kept writing daily on his blog about what had come in front of him. It was always something different and it fascinated me how he came up with insights and perspectives, and I was convinced he really was hearing from angels, which he often wrote about on his blog. I had no reason to doubt him, because, as I have told several times in this book, I was hearing from Asherah since I was 14, and I felt if I told Sloan about her, he would not laugh at me or tell me I was crazy.

Sloan and I corresponded by email for several years. Sometimes my husband, Gary, asked me what our friend down in Key West was up to, and I told him. Sloan moved back to Birmingham in late 2018, and Gary died, and Sloan and I had a lunch date that nearly killed my dog because of all the commotion being around Sloan had stirred up in me, which my dog somehow absorbed. I have told you how it went from there until now.

Sloan has lived in my home for 4 months and 6 days. What I have learned in this time period, he is genuine. If he tells you he hears from the angels, he does. He is in tune with God. He is a good man. A kind man, a loving man. Sometimes aggravating as shit man, but hey, that can be overlooked.

I really love it when we discuss our dreams and figure out what they mean. I never had anyone that could interpret dreams. He can. I loved it when he told me "God first, then our relationship." He is very

knowledgeable about what is in the Bible but most of all, his experiences, the supernatural ones, help us both.

Being a witch (I know Sloan, you almost fell out of your chair with that comment), I realize that you can spell God's way or another way. I always say I spelled Sloan's heart, but really he spelled mine first. He has taught me so much. If I could just get it in my head to live for the moment just for today and not think about tomorrow or down the road, but just make the best out of the day.

It breaks my heart some of the things Sloan has experienced, like being homeless. Then again, I wonder if that is not what made him so close to God and the angels? That was all he had. It was a life lesson to him.

I listen to every word he says. I sometimes want to fuss and disagree, and sometimes I do fuss and disagree, and he listens to me, and sometimes he agrees with me, and sometimes he doesn't, and often he says, let's sleep on it and see if we have a dream about it, and usually we do, and that helps us resolve it.

I feel like God gave me one of the most precious gifts he could ever bestow upon me, besides my health, when Sloan became a part of my life. I needed to learn to trust Asherah and to pay attention to my dreams, which had been I was just letting go by the wayside, not realizing that my dreams were messages from the spiritual world.

Sloan is the real deal. I never have seen anyone so much in tune with the spiritual world as he is. I am in training. Right now my score probably is a C-, but I am going to improve.

I will say this, Sloan is more in tune with God than any person I know that goes to church. This just goes to show you that you do not have to go to Church to walk with God and the Angels. Sloan walks with God and the Angels every day all day. I see it. It's seen in his books, which are free reads at archive.org in America, <https://archive.org/search?query=sloan+bashinsky>, and in free internet libraries overseas, and in The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast,

When it is time for you to return to your planet you are from, I may be going with you, my favorite Martian!

Sloan speaking.

I told you that I could never have done for your husband and your aunt what you did for them, nursing them both at the same time in your home, while they were slowly dying. I simply could not have done it. What you did was what saints recognized by the Catholic Church did. Period.

Then you took in your mother's brother and looked after him until we became an item and something cause him to fall down and rip skin and meat off of his arm and you called his daughter to come get him to live with her, and she came pronto and took him to a hospital, where he recovered very fast and his arm looked like it was never injured.

You have helped many people, who would have been much worse off if you had not helped them.

Your quilting and other fabric art is the level of Van Gogh and Mozart. Your art adds to the fabric of the Creation, it makes Spider Woman's web sing.

Your stories in this book about your very difficult life are beautiful in their rawness and candor. They add to the fabric of the Creation, it makes Spider Woman's web sing.

You do not believe God exists, because you KNOW God exists. You also know the Devil exists, and that both live in people, and the mission is to recognize that and deal with it, with the angels' help.

You have changed dramatically in the few months we have been together. You asked to be reborn, and it is happening, and you are the reason it is happening, because you could have said no thanks, I've had a hard enough life already. But you didn't say no thanks.

Women are second class citizens on this world, and religion has a lot to do with that, and they have every right to be mad at God about it, but you rose above that, and I was and am really impressed and glad.

You knew from my blogging what I was about, and you did not flinch when I asked you that day in early September of last year if you wanted to

try to resurrect something from the dead?. For I was ready to leave this life, and you, my dear lady, caused me to start wanting to get up each morning and greet the day.

My physical health improved after I moved into your home.

You got me into doctors who could help me with stuff my own doctors were not able to help me with.

What you, mostly, cook for us to eat is healing both of us.

Laughing a lot is healing both of us.

I could go on and on, but this is your book, these tales are your tales, and I watched you write it all down, and be healed by it, and I read it, and I edited some of it, and I contributed a few of my own musings- but it's your book, it's your story, and it's fucking beautiful, and your dreams tell you and me that and this is a good place to stop writing your book, so you can get on with something else.

Oops! Bad Baby Bitch



It is never the end, or so it seems!

Yesterday was January 28, 2025 and I wrote what I thought was going to be the last chapter in my book. I hoped it would be the last chapter. A lot of pain I experienced from beginning to the end.

This morning I woke up thinking I had left out a very important chapter and I discussed it with Sloan, and he said I could do a ps (postscript), but in my case of being Morticia the Witch, I would have to call it pm (post mortem). So here goes the post mortem.

Elizabeth Taylor. The Poodle, aka Bad Baby Bitch. Sloan, before you read this, it will not be 100 percent Miss Taylor. I have to add some things about me and others so the readers can get the jest, er, gist of this chapter.

Dr. Pol the veterinarian's show stayed on our TV 24/7 for months. I never in my life got so tired of looking at animals and people with their entire arms up a cow's butt to the person's shoulder trying to turn a calf. I love the Pol's but I got tired of the show.

One day I was asked by Gary if we could get a dog? Oh Lord, I did not want a dog in the house, but I said, "I'll think about it." Really, I was hoping it would be forgotten. Nope, mentioned many times.

I had to go to Lowe's for whatever, and I turned to go down one aisle and there was this lady standing there with the most beautiful poodle I have seen ever. I stopped and asked her if I could touch it. It was like a statue. The dog did not move. She let me touch the dog who was almost as tall as I was, and I fell in love. I asked her where she got it and she told me of this breeder in Tuscumbia, AL.

I came home and announced that if I was allowed to get a poodle, then a dog could come live here. I'd had 5 poodles. I loved them because their hair is like human hair. I never saw any shedding and they did not have that dog smell. But they were finicky as hell. Drama dogs, designer dogs, as Sloan calls them. They also can be a royal pain in the asses, but there was no way I was going to have a yard dog in the house shedding and stinking. Gary said, "Ok, we can get a poodle."

I called the lady and was afraid when she learned my age, she would not let me have a dog. She had two female dogs that were going to have puppies, three each, and she was not aware yet what they were. Two girls were spoken for already. If there was a 3rd female, it was mine. I didn't want a male dog, because they hike their legs and hump. I mailed a deposit and waited like a mother waiting on her own child to be born.

I finally got the call, a girl, born September 16, 2019. I was ecstatic. I felt like sending out announcements! My last poodle I had was when I was 26 years old, and now at 66 I was going to be getting another one.

Miss Sandy wanted to know what I was going to name her? Elizabeth Taylor. Miss Sandy had to have the name to get the papers filled out with the AKC club.

The week of Thanksgiving was when we were going to be able to pick up Elizabeth Taylor. I was a nervous wreck. I just knew when Miss Sandy saw the condition Gary was in, barely able to walk and function, really going downhill fast, that she was going to refuse to let me have Elizabeth Taylor.

I got her for him, as I did everything else to make what little happiness was left. He did not have much time left. Most things backfired!. I really did not need the responsibility of training a dog, taking care of a dog while I was in the mess I was getting into with Gary and Aunt J at a fast rate.

Arriving at Miss Sandy's, I was about to stroke out. I was so nervous, I just had it in my head, "Sorry no dog, too old, he's in bad shape, you might not live long enough to take care of her." However the transaction went well, I signed the papers and paid the balance on her and off we came home.

Before any of you start hollering the word rescue, how many rescues do you actually see that are poodles? I am not a dog person, I am a poodle person. I never saw one poodle for adoption, or I would have rescued it.

The newness of having a dog lasted about one day for Gary, who informed me that Elizabeth Taylor was 100% my dog. I think his idea of

having a dog was much better than actually having one. He often got something and then he didn't want it.

I fell in love with Elizabeth Taylor. That was fine with me. She could be my very own.(not anymore).

From 2019 until September 20, 2024, it was just the two of us. We were thick as thieves and went together like peas and carrots. A hospital bed arrived here at the end of 2021, and she and I slept together in the recliner when I actually got some sleep from December 2021 until July 2022, which was very little.

We were joined at the hip as we say when we are very close. She was my everything. My emotional support, my person and yes I refer to her as a person, she was my all. She listened to everything I had to say. She gave me comfort. Something to look forward to. Michelle and I think Elizabeth Taylor was a caregiver in a past life.

She stayed in Aunt Janice's room on the bed with her chin on her paws watching Aunt Janice sleep. She stayed there like it was her job. She was Aunt Janice's caregiver. Miss Granny, as we called Aunt J., did not like dogs. Oh she thought anyone who had a dog was insane. She fell in love with Elizabeth Taylor, and would beg me to let her come over to spend the day and then wanted to keep her all night.

Mother's day came in 2020, I think it was, and I went over to Aunt Janice's thinking we were celebrating her, and no it was me. Elizabeth Taylor had gotten me this beautiful jade Mayan face necklace, and the party was all about me.

Well while I was up doing something, I happened to look and Elizabeth was in Aunt J's lap, drinking out of her Dasani water bottle. Aunt J's son told me, "If I had not been here to see it, I never would have believed it, Mother hated dogs." She loved Miss Taylor.

I love Elizabeth dearly. Also, I worry about her all the time. What will I do when I have to say goodbye? I do not know if I can deal with it. I told my therapist that I could not enjoy Elizabeth Taylor, for worrying what I would do if something happened to her and she is not even sick. Helen Reddy

has a song "I Can't Say Goodbye To You." Sloan I can't say goodbye to you nor Miss Taylor. The part that gets me is

I can't say goodbye to you
No matter how I try, You are such a part of me
Without you, I would die deep in the heart of me
I know you and I were meant to be forever
I can't tell you goodbye.

That goes to both of you. Sometimes I have often thought never to love anyone or love anything like a dog then when it is time to say goodbye you have no pain. But then the pain you have of loneliness is the most horrible thing on the planet.

I hope she is not sick. Today she won't eat. Even the hamburger meat I put down for her to eat. If she is not eating tomorrow she is going to go to the vet.

I saw something on FB a week or so ago. It was this woman holding a dog and the caption said, "All my brothers and sisters went to regular homes, and I went to a home where the woman thinks she gave birth to me." I had to witch cackle, because that is about how it is here.

I never left Elizabeth alone, She always had a babysitter. I would take her to Michelle's house and she'd stay with her. Even when I lived in the hospital for months, Elizabeth Taylor stayed with Michelle. That's like her second home.

Will I get another dog if something happens to her? No, I will not. This is my last dog, like my relationship I am in now is my last. There comes a time when you just can't do it over again.

Elizabeth Taylor, I found out, belongs to her grandfather. I did not realize this. It is called inline breeding. I talked to the AKC and yes it is allowed one generation I think is what they told me.

I told Sloan about it, and he said that is totally fucked up and it explains a lot about Elizabeth Taylor. Now never mind, Sloan loves her and she worships him. It still is fucked up. She belongs to her grandfather. Her mother's daddy. Does that make her her own cousin? I sometimes wonder

if this is why she is so irritable, contrary, tries to bite, wants her way or she is just spoiled because she was my everything.

Now there is someone else in my life, and she has to share, and he comes first. She tends to love Sloan more than she loves me. Don't tell her, but I love him more than I love her, and that is almost impossible. Different kinds of love. She has abandoned me to a point. That is ok. She needs a male figure in her life. See, I even write like she is human.

I wonder if she knew, and you know how they can pick up on things, that I left her, who is very important to me, out of my book, and that's why she wasn't eating?

So, Elizabeth Taylor this is your time you shine. Your "Mama" loves you to pieces, and if you do not eat by tomorrow, you are going to the vet and you know what that means. Get a stick up your boo boo and a shot! You better eat.

She is pretty as they come, mean as a striped snake and can fool you at any time. Sloan calls her, "Devil Dog." She knows how to work it to get her way. But I love her. I will take care of her till the end of my life or her life, which comes first. She will be 6 years old on September 16th. As she says in her videos "don't forget about my party." I won't.

Lately, I have left her alone at the house for maybe 2 hours total, ,trying to get her used to me not being with her 24/7 or her having to go to a babysitter, I have been weaning her. I will not leave her for more than 3 hours total. She has never been alone and I would not want anything to happen to her or her to think I was not coming back. It is also good for me to push away from having to worry about having to have someone keep her and I can't go because I can't leave her by herself. I do not ever remember me being this clingy and dependent on the other poodles like I am with her. Maybe I am the big problem!

Eliazbether Taylor and I have been sleeping buddies since day one. I put her in the middle of the bed, in her case, and then when I was alone for over two years, I put her right next to me in her case. She slept up against my ribs. Sometimes I talked to her half the night. She just looked like STFU! CRAZY WOMAN.

Two things had to leave when Sloan moved in. The bed I had. We went and picked out an awesome bed I would not trade for the world. Second was Elizabeth Taylor.

Sloan said me driving with Elizabeth Taylor on the loose in my car was too dangerous for me and for other people. He'd had a client when he as a lawyer, who had two terrible wrecks driving her car with her dog in her lap.

Sloan said he would not sleep with a dog. She is very happy at the foot of the bed on the cedar chest with two thick quilts under her carrying case, which is nylon and net, so no hard sleeping on anything for her.

In fact, during the day she sneaks off, goes to the bedroom, jumps up, gets in her case. I am glad she likes not sleeping with us. We have more room. Plus, I'd worry about her falling off the bed, because she is not going to be in my place in the middle next to Sloan. She would be on the outside.

I thought that was the end of Elizabeth Taylor's chapter, but here I am again!

A few nights ago, I was preparing (fixing) dinner and the little devil dog almost had me crying. She looked so pitiful. I had already picked out what I was going to wear for her memorial service and who I was going to get to perform it. I was about to call my sister in law's church and have her added to the prayer list!

I decided to make Elizabeth Taylor some rice and chicken and we had hamburger stew, and I saved some for her before putting in the spices. I chopped up everything for her real fine, and looking so pitiful she made it to the kitchen. I put the food down on the floor, turned to stir the stew, looked back and the food was gone.

THE LITTLE BABY WITCH tricked me into cooking dinner for her. Never mind she gets the really expensive The Farmer's Dog, she wanted me to cook for her. She spelled me. I came out on the sun porch where Sloan was blogging and was ignoring us, to tell him, "Well now I am cooking for a family of three." I still don't think he heard me.

Tomorrow she will be back on The Farmers Dog food, or she will be on a diet! She spelled me. I was spelled. I guess she learned from the best! Well not to mention she got diarrhea from the food I made for her.

The next day, Sloan and I decided to go get a pedicure in a town not too far from ours. We were gone a couple of hours, and I decided it was time Elizabeth Taylor and I both grew up.

At the pedicure shop, I sat next to a woman who had worked at the Post office with me. She said I had been a real bitch, was never happy, but now I was happy, and I looked good. She did not believe Sloan was 82. We have her business cards for www.welovequilting.blog and www.alabamalawyerbecameamystic.com, and archive.org, which has Sloan's books.

I came home to a mess. Miss Taylor was terrified. She was hunkered down on the back of the big chair that is hers, scared to no end. She did not even bark when the back door was opened from the garage. Usually she barks. She saw me and got down off the chair and crawled on her stomach to me wanting me to pick her up. Usually when I try to pick her up she runs away from me.

She was shaking so badly, it scared me. I was shaking also, because I put on a big girl panty face while we were gone, that I was not bothered that I had to leave her alone for the first time, for this long by herself. I lied. I was extremely bothered. I just did not say anything. 30 minutes max is nothing, but several hours. NO. Not again. If Michelle can't keep her, I'll short term board her for the day and she can get a bath!

The next day we had to go to Muscle Shoals to take back my sewing machine to get serviced at Ken's Sewing Center. I left Elizabeth Taylor with Michelle, who always keeps her, and she threw up 3 times at Michelle's.

We got her home and Elizabeth Taylor was fine. You see, I was dragging ass about writing this chapter, and Sloan kept pushing me to write it, and I kept pushing back and doing other things to avoid writing her chapter.

I don't mind writing when I want to, but I can't be forced to write. Well I sat down and could not stop writing. Miss Taylor has to be in this book. She is a big part of my life.

Today, Sloan asked me what I was going to title this chapter? Well, it is already , “It Is Never The End, Or So It Seems.” The reason for the title is because I thought I had already finished my book, and then we realized I left out a very important chapter.

I am going to subtitle it “Bad Baby Bitch”, because she sure can be one when she wants to.

I love her, I am going to keep her and yes she will have her party on September 16th.

Sloan bought himself some overalls, and I can not find her overall dress that she wore. I was going to get a picture of them together for this chapter. I do not know what I did with her clothes. Fine by her, she hated them anyway. I said it was like trying to give a cat a bath, dressing her! I will find her another overall dress for her party.

I will keep you posted! You know I am kind of sad this is the last chapter of my book. It has been a healing, cleansing of my soul and an eye opener. I have cussed, fussed, about stroked out, but I made it through. Now if I quit writing, how will you all know what is going on in my life? I need to sleep on it to see what the angels say, right?

Post Mortem- Sloan speaking



Elizabeth Taylor picks up on everything going on in her Morticia momma. Elizabeth Taylor is a metaphysical dog, maybe a shaman dog, maybe a femme fatale dog, maybe a dog from Venus, or maybe from the Pleiades, or from Sirius, the dog star.

Because of that, it's hard to know when Elizabeth Taylor is sick, or whether she is being hammered by something in her momma, which makes life a lot more interesting? Or maybe a lot more crazy? Or maybe we should get a baby cat to keep Elizabeth Taylor company when we both are gone? I love cats. They don't put up with humans.

Can't wait for Devil Dog's momma to see that last paragraph :-).

Meanwhile, Elizabeth Taylor is a registered service dog who never got trained, and even though her poodle momma had sex with her poodle father, and that left Elizabeth Taylor a bit catawampus, I am convinced she saved her Witch mother from going slab dab inane, or to a mortuary.

After the Witch's uncle went to live with his daughter, I spent the night with the Witch. Elizabeth Taylor took a shine to me, and me and Elizabeth Taylor have been tight ever since, which has to mean something. She gets all over me every morning after she gets let out of her carrying case by the Witch, and we have a morning ritual where I rub her and scratch her ears.

After staying over a few nights with the Witch and Elizabeth Taylor, I went with the Witch to a quilting show at a state park outside of Oneonta, where I met several of her quilting friends, who told me they loved the witch, who had paid them not to tell me anything about her, and I told them I would pay them more for telling me her secrets, and they laughed and said they were loyal to her.

After touring the quilt show with the Witch, I wandered up to an overlook over a beautiful valley and sat in a swing chair and looked out over that lover's leap, and then I went into a trance and when I came out of it, something was messing with the left side of my colon and I observed that for a while, then out of the blue, I said, "I'm supposed to move in with her?" and what was messing with the left side of my colon stopped messing with me, and then I turned and the Witch was standing behind me, come to make sure I had not leaped off the cliff into the valley below, and I told her what I had realized, and she seemed very happy, and she told me Asherah had told her I could move in with her, but it had to be my idea.

I was ready for the Lord to take me, but the Lord, the Witch and Asherah had other plans, and I'm really glad they did.

The Witch says everytime I leave in my car to go somewhere, when I am coming back, Elizabeth Taylor goes and sits by the front door, looking through a window at the street until she sees my car and runs to the garage door to wait for me to walk into our home.



This is the witch. Proofreading on 2/20 and 2/21 this book along with a few more things nearly killed me.

I used to never say "Goddamn". I would say "J Day". I am so J Day glad this book is over or I hope so. Sometimes Ghosts are better left buried and words are better left unsaid. This book brought up a lot of pure shit. Hurt me, made me mad at me for allowing wrong things in my life many years ago to happen, wasting a big portion of my life with the wrong person doing the wrong things. I however look at it as a life lesson preparing me for better things in my life that were coming I just did not know.

I am mad at myself for allowing the monsters to still bother me. Well Mrs. Monster after Mr. Monster died. I was on my own I should have said "fuck off," but I did not. I allowed it. I have no one to blame but me.

I know in the beginning of a book you are supposed to say your Thank yous. The preface. I am saying it now.

Sloan, first of all thank you for coming into my life showing me that I could be happy in the last quarter of my football game. You are truly a blessing. A gift that I am glad God decided to let me have. I will always be grateful for you and I know I drive you crazy but in my heart I love you so much it almost kills me but in a good way. You "persuaded" me in a way if you had not I never would have cleared out my head and body of the toxic that is in this book. I love you dearly my Favorite Martian. Thank you for showing me I still have love in my body to give to someone 100%.

Oh I can not leave Bob out our friend, for allowing me to come in the circle. I thank you for being kind to me, for loving Sloan and for saying you love me. I love you dearly like a friend and thank you for putting this book in Archive.org for me. Maybe someone will read.

Last but not least my little "person," Elizabeth Taylor, for showing me I could still love something that was not human. Well I think you are. But you get the point. You were here with me when I had no one and never left my side. I hope you live 100 years or at least as long as I live.

OH MY GOD, I left out Asherah, my spirit woman who has saved my life since 10th grade. She kept on pushing me towards Sloan and the way I am living now. She has kept me out of several messes. I do not know what

I would do without her. Yesterday, she and I had a long talk, and I asked her why she has not bothered me, and she said, "You do not need me now, you are fine." I know she will be here when I need or and heck sometimes when I don't want her!!!

I can't leave out my bestie Michelle for listening to my shit in the late hours of the night when I could not sleep.

I last am thankful I lived to see this book to the end and FUCK IT, OH HELL NO, I NEVER WANT TO WRITE ANOTHER ONE AGAIN!

Xoxoxoxo Morticia

